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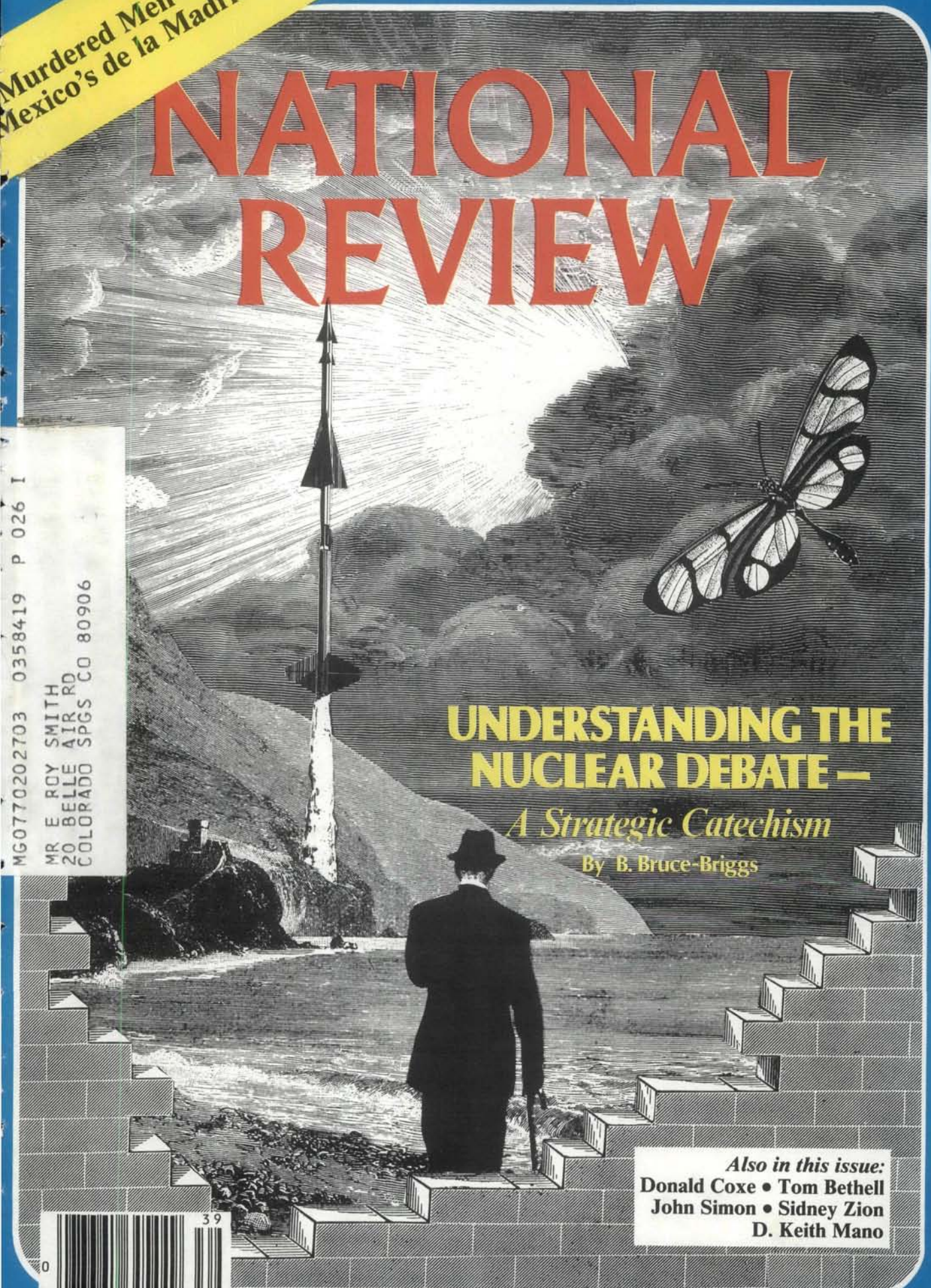

UNDERSTANDING THE NUCLEAR DEBATE—

A Strategic Catechism

By B. Bruce-Briggs

Also in this issue:
Donald Coxe • Tom Bethell
John Simon • Sidney Zion
D. Keith Mano

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President Harry S. Truman
Annual Address to Congress—January 6, 1947

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Lockheed

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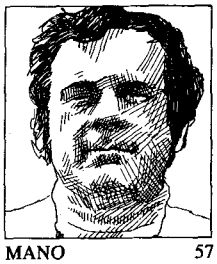
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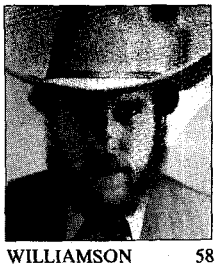
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LETTERS

If It Feels Good . . .

Mona Charen hit the nail on the head in "The Decline of Shame" [Sept. 21]—except that she didn't go far enough in diagnosing the current shamelessness. Miss Charen says of the reaction to the Vanessa Williams imbroglio: "A ready forgiveness suggests a small infraction." But true forgiveness is precisely what the bulk of the commentators avoided giving. To forgive a misdeed presupposes understanding that it was wrong—otherwise what is there to forgive? Too many people in the modern world, however—and not only liberals, either, although it fits best with their world view—can't bear thinking that something they have done or want to do could be wrong. But instead of just not thinking about it, as people have done from time immemorial, they *justify* it, and suddenly we have morality-by-the-numbers: If enough people do it, it must be right.

Julia Brunswick
Belmont, Mass.

1964-1984

John McLaughlin asks, of Reagan's reelection, "What could go wrong?" [Aug. 10] and Harry V. Jaffa ["Goldwater's Famous 'Gaffe' "] provides an answer. Nothing has happened in the last twenty years to make me believe the "media" are any less likely to attack Mr. Reagan than they were to attack Mr. Goldwater.

It may require a certain "extremism in the defense of liberty" for a man of principle to retain the White House.

Jim Burlingame
Mesa, Ariz.

Tibetan Notes

It was enlightening to read Francis Randall's article "The Indian Summer of Tibet" [Aug. 10] and understand some of the atrocities committed by the Chinese Communists during the Cultural Revolution. Much of the article was news to me despite a political-science course I took at Ohio State that supposedly dealt with Mao, Chinese Communism, and the Cultural Revolution.

Toward the end of the course it was still unclear to me whether the overall effects of Mao's reign were, in aggregate, good or bad. Upon my posing this question to the professor, he replied that no one in China has cause to go hungry any longer thanks to Communism. I will send a photocopy of the article to that professor. Thank you.

Jeffrey M. Fehn
Toledo, Ohio

I read with great interest Francis B. Randall's article "The Indian Summer of Tibet." I was in Tibet at the same time, accompanying Jim Morrissey and his expedition to the east face of Everest. The article was excellent and brought back many memories, mostly pleasant. Mr. Randall might be interested in two (or three) insignificant inaccuracies. Jim's group had attempted the east face only once before, in 1981. And the expedition this time started from the Kangshung Glacier, not Kharta. Although our group of "scientists" had left base camp and were back in the U.S. when six reached the summit, we were told that there were three Japanese climbers (and the Sherpa), two of whom were killed on the way down. It was the survivor who, at a press conference in Katmandu, told the world of Morrissey's success. We had no means of communicating with the world from the east face.

James K. Greenbaum, MD
Kittanning, Pa.

Heartburn Time

I was somewhat surprised to find that Fritz Mondale has been so forthright in acknowledging his having partaken of a "rich diet of humanism" from his father ["The Week," Aug. 10]. This "rich diet" would give most Americans a severe case of heartburn. Both Walter's father and his brother are signers of the Humanist Manifesto. This radical document repudiates many of our most cherished American values and advocates such concepts as "a socialized and cooperative economic order," "autonomous and situational ethics," "many varieties of sexual exploration," and "the development of a system of world law and order based on a transnational federal government."

Whether or not one believes that old adage, "like father, like son," it is obvious that the Democratic candidate's philosophical roots contrast vividly with the God, country, and family rhetoric he and his running-mate have been preaching in their uphill struggle to recapture the moral high ground.

L. J. Etheridge
Upper Arlington, Ohio

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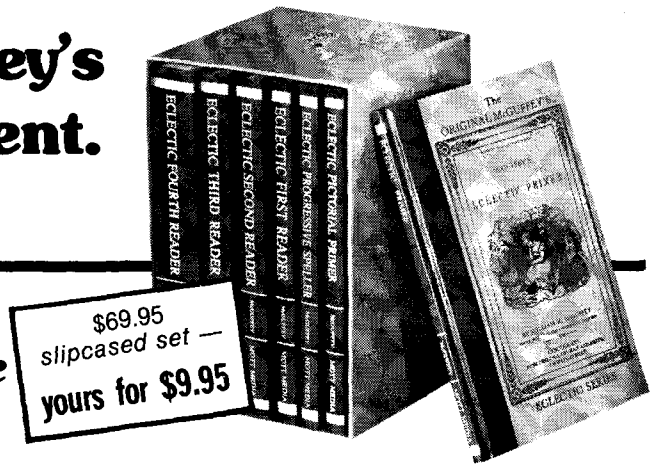

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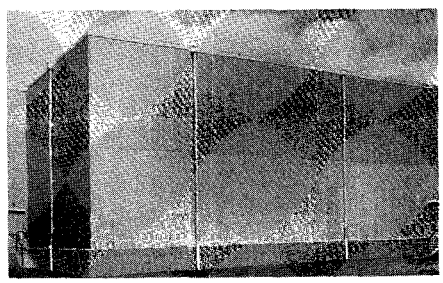

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Mutant Theory

In his review of *The Intellectuals Speak Out about God* [Sept. 7], Joseph Sobran quotes what he finds a "stimulating" scientific argument against evolution advanced by Chandra Wickramasinghe. "Wickramasinghe points out," Sobran writes, "that on the basis of random mutation we should expect an overall *degeneration* of species, since 'for every favorable mutation there will be hundreds of unfavorable mutations.' For every species that improves, therefore, we ought to be able to see hundreds on the skids. And yet we don't."

Of course we don't; adverse selection has carried them off long ago. The whole reason the mutations are considered unfavorable is that they impair their bearers' chances of survival or reproductive success. All the evolutionary theories I know about lay great stress on natural selection; I don't know what sort of theory Wickramasinghe can have in mind.

Walter Olson
Washington, D.C.

In Memoriam

As a combat veteran of the Vietnam War, allow me to thank John Hutchinson for his moving commentary, "Holding the Lamp" [July 27].

I and the majority of my peers to whom I have spoken on the subject agree that our efforts were a noble task assassinated by politicians. Were it possible to hog-tie Congress, I'd do it again.

Thank you, Mr. Hutchinson, for remembering us and our fallen comrades.

Tom Mell
Wilmington, Del.

What Concerns?

Richmond Crinkley ["Endgame: Looking at Nuclear Aesthetics," Aug. 24] suggests that groups like the Union of Concerned Scientists should direct their concern "toward matters in which they have some competence—that is, scientific solutions."

I am sure that Mr. Crinkley, like most of us, assumes that the Union of Concerned Scientists is a substantial group of—well, just that: concerned scientists. One finds its opinions respectfully cited in the media, as if it were a blue-ribbon panel of qualified scientific experts.

Well, the organization may contain some people with scientific qualifications. But it is rather hard to find out how many, and in what fields. In fact, I found that the organization has no members, as such; only "sponsors." And who is a sponsor? Why, anybody—anybody at all—who is concerned enough to send a contribution, preferably $15 or more.

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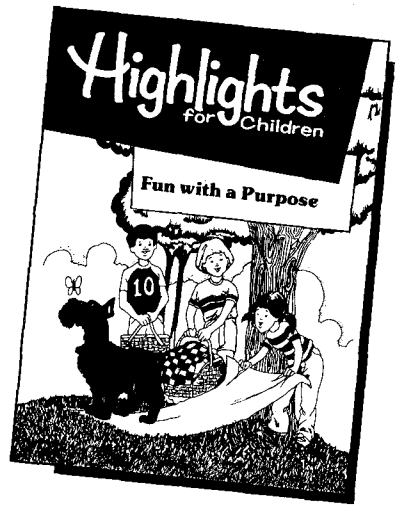

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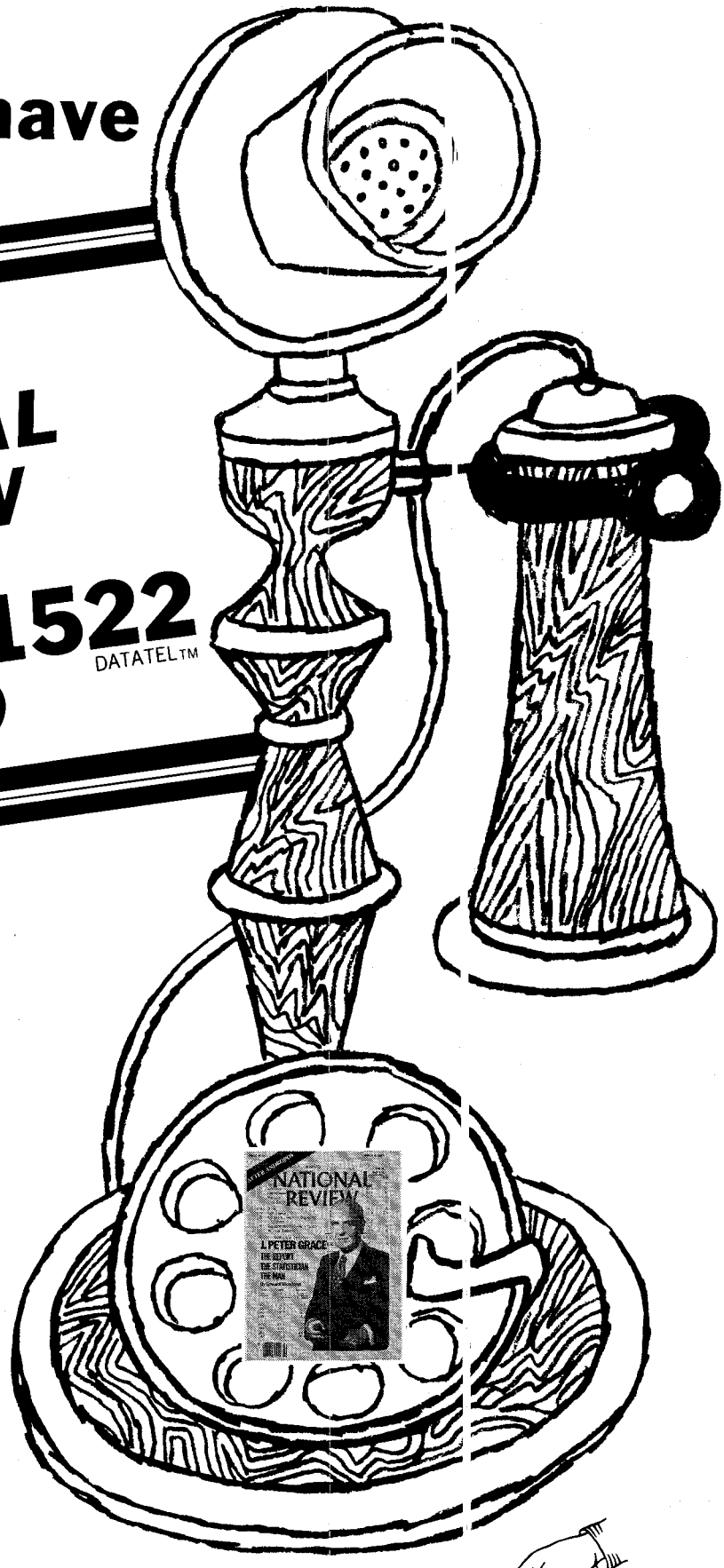

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edition) lists the UCS as: "Advocate organization concerned about the impact of advanced technology on society." Fair enough. The entry lists an executive director, but no staff and no membership.

The Union of Concerned Scientists, and other organizations like it, are no doubt content to project an image of generalized scientific competence. But I would not look to these organizations for technical solutions to technical problems. Their minds are made up.

Charles H. Chandler
Malden, Mass.

Creative Geography

I am certain that the more than forty million Ukrainians in the world today would be astonished to learn that the Polish writer Joseph Conrad "was born near Kiev, in what was then part of Russian Poland" ["Connoisseur of Loneliness," by Jeffrey Meyers, June 15]. It is really all very simple. Conrad was born of Polish parents in a section of Ukraine at that time controlled by the Czarist Empire. As this territory was overwhelmingly populated by Ukrainians —a most distinct nationality—it can be called neither "Russian" nor "Poland." One might wonder what the fuss is all about, but it is vitally important to keep these distinctions in mind, as so very many Western commentators often become quite fuzzy and inaccurate on matters Eastern European. After all, "God is in the details."

Peter Bejger
New York, N.Y.

Point well taken, and apologies—although of course, as with so many things in that part of the world, it is really not *entirely simple. The point that that unfortunate phrase (an editorial insertion) was attempting to clarify was that Conrad's parents were not yet political exiles: and that Conrad himself was not merely of Polish descent, but was born within the political (if not the ethnic or historical) boundaries of Poland—in an area that in turn was under the Czarist Empire. Some such phrase as "politically under the control of" was what was needed to make the insertion do more good than harm.* —LB

Sounded Wrong

Ex-Buglemaster Deffenbaugh's letter [July 27] was marred by this atrocious statement: " 'Taps' . . . are sounded." For your information, "Taps" is not plural; "Taps" *is* sounded.

Jim Fairfield
Bugler, ex-USMC
Paris

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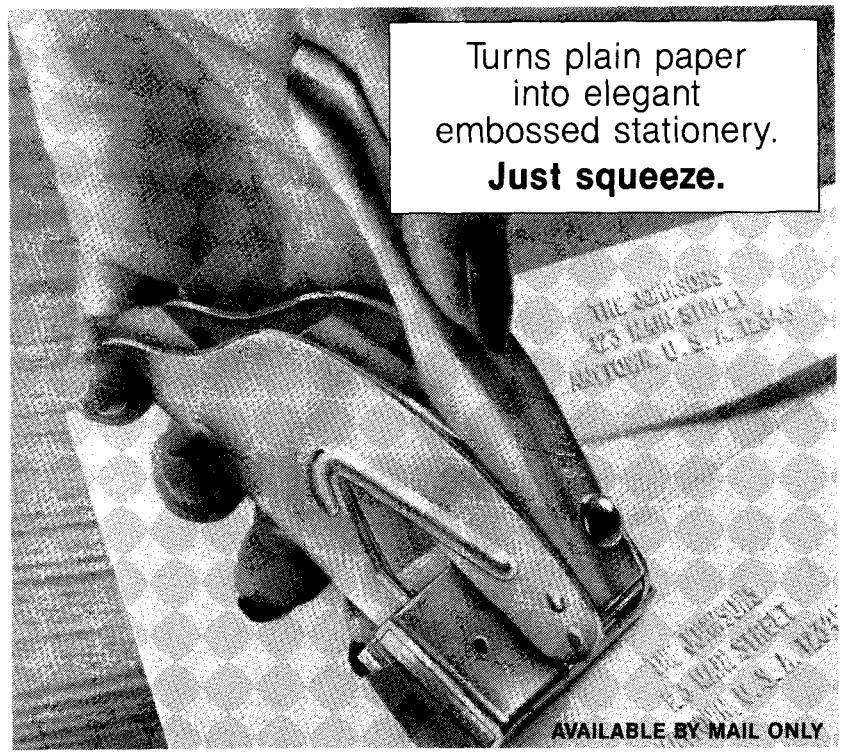

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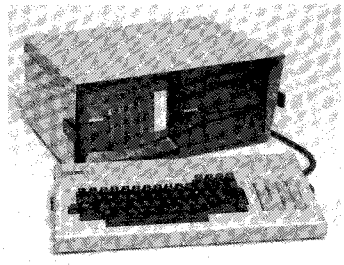

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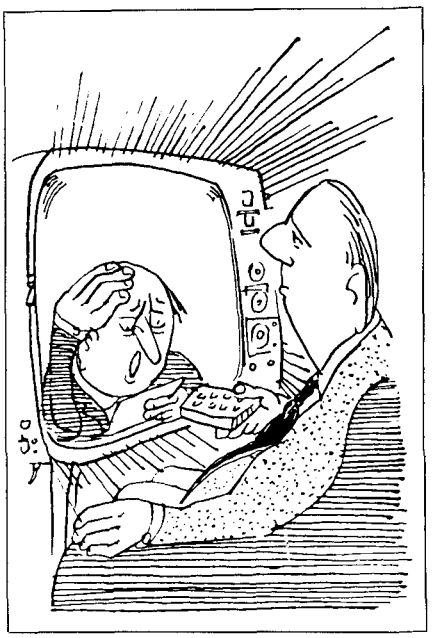
FOR THE RECORD

Where did it stand on Labor Day? Very well indeed from **Ronald Reagan**'s viewpoint, with polls showing him anywhere from 12 to 27 points ahead. . . . But how deep is that support? Very, according to Sept. 6 **Gallup** that breaks voters down into 27 categories: men, women; blacks, whites; Protestants, Catholics; ages 18 to 29, 30 to 49, 50 to 64, 65 and up; college grads, some college, high-school grads, less than high school; professional and business, other white-collar, skilled blue-collar, unskilled blue-collar; income $40,000 and up, 30 to 40 thou, 20 to 30 thou, 10 to 20 thou, under 10 thou; East, Midwest, South, West. The finding: Reagan-**Bush** lead in 23 of the categories, with **Mondale-Ferraro** ahead only with blacks (87 to 7), non-high-school graduates (52 to 39), unskilled blue-collars (48 to 43), and the lowest income level. . . . *Human Events* quotes one Reagan campaign insider, on looking at these figures and the state-by-state breakdowns, as saying: "The numbers are so good they're scary." . . . Two major worries of voters continue to be a) unemployment and b) intensification of world tensions. But even in these areas Reagan has made substantial inroads. Unemployment was prime fear of 32 per cent last November, down to 23 per cent in August; international tension of 37 per cent, down to 22 per cent today. . . . On flip side, Mondale continues to score better than Reagan on environmental issues, helping the poor, and improving minority and women's rights, according to most recent **Harris** poll. . . . How much had the 13 presidential candidates raised up to Labor Day and official start of campaign? A whopping $84.2 million. But get this, only $1.5 million came from PACs (political-action committees). According to the Federal Election Commission, Treasury kicked in $24.2 million, $51.1 million came from private contributors, and $7.4 million was borrowed.



Heath, *Punch* / Rotheo

"Oh, God! Here are the main points of the news again!"

Labor Day was bummer for Mondale and Ferraro, who marched almost alone in traditional parade in New York. Not even Mayor **Edward Koch** was there. Leading Mrs. Ferraro's press secretary, **Francis O'Brien**—the producer of *Gallipoli*, by the way—to comment that the parade illustrated Mondale's organizational genius in "persuading eight million New Yorkers to stay off the streets." . . . Pollster **Mervin Field**'s Labor Day comment was: "I don't know of any time in the last forty years when the Democrats started so far behind and with such a bleak situation." . . . **Ken Hechler**, Democratic research director for **Harry Truman**'s give-em-hell 1948 campaign, remarked that Mondale has three hurdles Truman didn't face: "Television, the power of the White House, and Reagan." . . . **Robert Strauss**, the genial Texan who put the Democratic Party back together again after **George McGovern**'s 1972 fiasco, agreed to organize group of experienced Democrats to advise Mondale on campaign strategy. Said the plain-spoken Strauss: "[Mondale and Ferraro] have had a rocky start, a bad few weeks getting their act together." . . . **Sonia Johnson**, presidential candidate of **Barry Commoner**'s Citizen's Party, likes the fact of her ("[Mrs. Ferraro's] nomination is a major stride for women"), but hates him ("Mondale has no ideas, is boring, and militaristic"). . . . **Howard Baker** was, on the whole, pleased with Mondale's tax-raising, deficit-cutting package. "When you take it piece by piece," he commented, "there's something there to offend everyone."

How will Republicans do in all-important House races? Rep. **Guy Vander Jagt**, chairman of National Republican Congressional Committee, is jubilant. "There's a prairie fire for Reagan," he says, and sees chance of getting back 26 House seats GOP lost in 1982. . . . But that prediction is all wet, according to Democratic counterpart Rep. **Tony Coelho**, who thinks the worst the Democrats will do "is a five-seat loss, and the best we'll do is a five-seat win." . . . Political analyst **Kevin Phillips** points out that since 1916 no re-election of an elected President (that eliminates **LBJ** and **Jerry Ford**) has ever been accompanied by a major shift in the House. He predicts five to 15 new GOP seats. . . . **Alan Baron** points out that since WW II, only 8 per cent of incumbent congressmen, on average, fail to win re-election to House.

One reason **Erich Honecker** decided not to go to Bonn could be that **Konstantin Chernenko** still has 400,000 troops stationed in East Germany. . . . British *Sunday Telegraph* says Soviets have massed 150,000 troops in Afghanistan for new offensive against freedom fighters. . . . At World Court in The Hague the other day His Honor **Mahmoud M. Kashani**, the Iranian justice, slugged His Honor **Nils Mangard**, the Swedish justice, and was hustled out shouting, "If Mangard ever dares to enter the tribunal chamber again either his corpse or my corpse will leave it rolling down the stairs."

The best of the Dallas bumper stickers now catching on elsewhere: HONK IF WALTER MONDALE HAS MADE YOU A PROMISE.

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THE WEEK

☐ Just to bring you up to date on the church-state controversy: Ronald Reagan is not a good Christian. He is bent on Christianizing America. Walter Mondale wants to keep religion out of politics. His whole career has been impelled by his deep Christian convictions.

☐ Walter Mondale has a plan to get rid of the deficit: He's going to hire Gerry Ferraro's accountant.

☐ Teddy Kennedy has jumped into the church-state controversy on the side of strict separation. Quite right. We can't think of another politician who has so triumphantly separated politics from religion.

☐ In the cramped dreams of pinheads, the Trilateral Commission appears as the Evil Empire, secretly proposing and disposing. In its own mind, the commission is Pure Reason itself—a couple of hundred experts, sitting around and thinking. Wouldn't it be an opportune time, then, to introduce some new thoughts? One need look no further than Congress: Jack Kemp, for instance, a man who is on everyone's short list of presidentabili; or Newt Gingrich, who has actually done some original work on military preparedness; or Representative, soon to be Senator, Phil Gramm, who is a trained economist. Crossing to the Democratic side of the aisle, it is of course too late to select Henry Jackson, but what about Sam Nunn, who knows as much as the late Senator Jackson did about the arms-negotiations game? Or could it be that the TC is neither what its enemies fear, nor what its members claim, but just another liberal dust catcher, with the same old faces, and the same old talk?

☐ It is probably best, for reasons of mental and moral stability, not to read anything more about, or by, Alger Hiss. As reported in *NR* recently, Elinor Langer, biographer of the novelist Josephine Herbst, quoted convincing testimony to the effect that Miss Herbst's husband, John Herrmann, introduced Hiss to Whittaker Chambers in 1934 at a Chinese restaurant near Dupont Circle. This is important, because Herrmann was active in Washington Communist affairs at that time. Miss Langer was nonplussed when Hiss denied to her that he knew Herrmann. Hiss has now written a letter to the *New York Times* denying that he knew—*Miss Herbst*, which was never asserted in the first place, and citing an anecdote involving Hilton Kramer to show that he and Miss Herbst did not know each other. But Kramer says that Hiss has the anecdote all wrong, backward in fact, and that although Miss Herbst did not know Hiss she did recognize him from newspaper photographs. Anyway, keeping our eye on the ball, it was Herrmann and not Miss Herbst who introduced Hiss to Chambers in that Chinese restaurant.

☐ Meanwhile, there is the other gender gap, among the nation's largest and most victimized minority, white males, who, according to a *New York Times*/CBS poll, prefer Mr. Reagan to Mr. Mondale by the astonishing margin of nearly three to one.

☐ A number of critics of the Administration's defense policy are beginning to turn their attention to the Trident II missile, which the navy will begin procuring this year. Having managed to derail the MX for the time being, the opponents of strategic modernization are now hoping to undermine support for Trident II; congressional support for the sea-launched missile remains firm, however, and the system is not likely to be threatened. The critics argue that the missile's high accuracy makes it a potential first-strike weapon. The real problem with it is that it changes the strategic equation in a manner favorable to the United States. Anything that makes America stronger is suspect with this crowd. If the USSR were deploying Trident II, the same voices would be telling us that it really isn't

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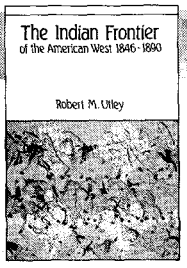

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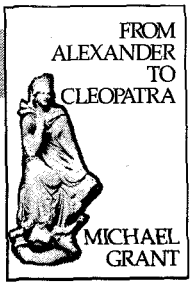

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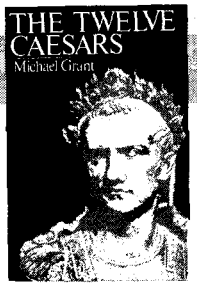

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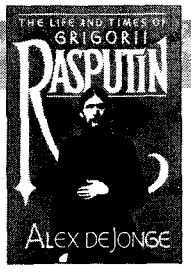

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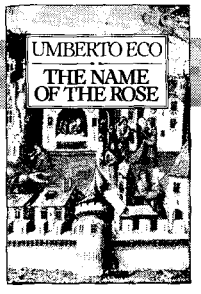

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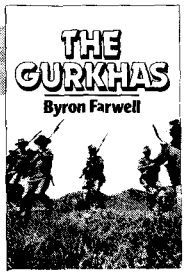

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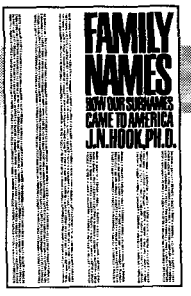

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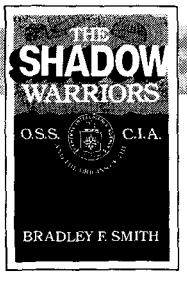

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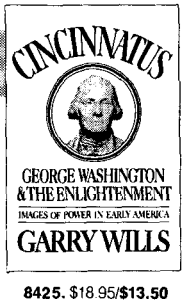

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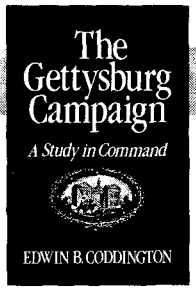

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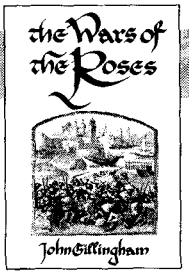

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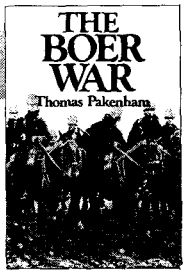

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

When Howard Baker steps down as Majority Leader in January, the remaining Republican senators must choose his successor (assuming a Reagan win). The battle royal has not yet begun, but pre-war positioning has. Senator Richard Lugar of Indiana is reported to be marginally ahead of the pack, his position strengthened by his role as holder of the purse strings: As Senate Republican Campaign Chairman, he doles out funds that are welcome to all aspirants, especially freshman senators, and that gives him a leg up.

Kansas Senator Robert Dole is another front-runner. His peer popularity has gone through several oscillations over the years, and of late seems to be on the up cycle. "Dole says what he believes, and people respect that," notes a Hill colleague. Also, Dole is a remarkable student of the system, and has largely mastered it. If something needs doing, he can step in at the last minute and provide the required impetus to get a bill through or cut a deal—without ticking off ranking Democrats. "He works out all the wrinkles with Russell Long beforehand," notes a Hill insider.

Senator James McClure of Idaho is a third serious challenger for the leadership post, widely respected by his colleagues, earnest, hard-working, reliable, and occupying a happy middle zone between Lugar (low wattage) and Dole (high wattage). McClure might be the principal beneficiary of a secret ballot. Alaska's able Ted Stevens, the present Whip, wants the leadership position, but suffers from a reputation for a hair-trigger temper and, perhaps because of it, a less than perfect grade as yokemate to Majority Leader Baker. "Also, Ted knows that the job is a man-killer, with duties that you can't really delegate," notes a Senate aide close to the action. "It means giving up an awful lot, and Ted loves his family." Pete Domenici's name continues to circulate in this eddy, and he doesn't discourage its presence there, although observers think that this has more to do with his re-election campaign than with hunger for the job per se. New Mexico is already proud of him for his chairmanship of the Budget Committee, and for his address at the GOP Convention. The senator wants to enhance that pride in him this election year.

In sum, Lugar and Dole are the guys to beat, but fewer than one-third of the senators have committed themselves, and it's a secret ballot. Ergo, too close to call.

For Whip, only two candidates have announced, Bob Kasten of Wisconsin and Alan Simpson of Wyoming. Committee assignments figure in the outcome of this balloting, to some extent, since they add to the candidate's standing. Simpson's are generally not heavy: Veterans, Judiciary, Environment and Public Works. Kasten's are quite heavy: Appropriations, Budget, Commerce. Also, watch the Jewish community and its preference. Next to Rudy Boschwitz (R., Minn.) Kasten is the most important senator in the eyes of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), as he is chairman of the Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, which oversees all foreign aid. (In '86 watch for AIPAC to be more concerned about Kasten's re-election than anyone else's.) Second, the anti-abortion community must be reckoned with. Simpson is pro-choice; Kasten pro-life, quietly and dependably so. But Simpson is so highly regarded by his colleagues for his integrity and intelligence that other factors may be dwarfed.

Short takes: Mondale's big-tax deficit-cutting plan, as predicted, bombed. Best proof: Democratic opinion leaders on the Hill are treating it as if it had AIDS. . . . The Ferraro furor is dead, at least until something new spins loose. But in the back of people's minds is the impression that John Zaccaro is a slippery operator whom they would rather not see hanging around the White House. The damage has been done, and it appears irreversible.

—CATO

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important, that rough parity exists, that we both have enough nuclear weapons to blow up the world, and that we shouldn't worry, shouldn't respond, shouldn't notice . . . Go tell it to the Kremlin, please.

☐ Former President Jimmy Carter came to Manhattan with a few of his neighbors recently, in work clothes, aboard a bus, to spend a week of amateur carpentry in a derelict building that will be acquired by the nonprofit Habitat for Humanity (of Americus, Georgia) and turned over, eventually, to twenty lucky tenants on interest-free loans. The same organization claims to be able to build a house in Nicaragua for $1,000. One dislikes sounding curmudgeonly, but there are two basic flaws in such schemes. The costs are vastly understated, usually reflecting only the cost of materials, and ignoring transportation, human work, shifting of tax burdens, interest income forgone, administrative overhead, and more. On a deeper level one notices the thrill of romanticizing one's charity by removing it to exotic regions—Nicaragua, Timbuktu, Manhattan's Lower East Side slums. Is there nothing the civic improvers in Americus can find to improve right there in Americus? Is there no command, for the proudly self-proclaiming "Christian" Habitat people, in the Second Commandment—Love thy *neighbor*? And if the project falls through, as it probably will, will Americus answer the phone?

☐ Even with the long coattails of Ronald Reagan helping him, Senator Charles Percy of Illinois faces a tough re-election fight against his liberal Democratic challenger, Representative Paul Simon. Twenty years ago, Percy was a young Rockefeller Republican, his party's hope in the wake of the Goldwater debacle. Eight years ago he called the candidacy of Ronald Reagan "the beginning of the end for our party." Today Evans & Novak report that he's out-Reaganing Reagan, attacking taxes and Communism and flying to Washington just to vote for school prayer. Is it a

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genuine change of heart? Who cares? It's the measure of conservatism's success that it is now attracting the opportunists. The Republicans who did Goldwater in now acknowledge that extremism in the pursuit of re-election is no vice.

☐ According to UNICEF, as many as seven million face starvation in drought-stricken, Marxist-controlled Ethiopia. If it raineth on the just and the unjust alike, why is it that the Marxist countries are so routinely singled out for bad weather?

☐ If there's a cloud around, said Senator Paul Laxalt at the Republican Convention, Ronald Reagan will find a silver lining in it. That's the feeling today in Colombia where a two-year pacification campaign inaugurated by President Belisario Betancur resulted last month in a truce between the government and the M-19 guerrillas. It's the fourth truce between the government and armed opposition forces since March, and it leaves in the field only two small splinter revolutionary bands. The guerrillas will be permitted to retain their weapons, but they have pledged not to use them. And rather vague promises have been made about negotiations to end the causes of their discontent. It's all very tentative and could still blow up in President Betancur's face. But the appetite for peace is strong in a country that has seen upward of 300,000 casualties owing to insurrectionary activities since 1948. It is the most positive development in Latin America since the Salvadoran elections.

☐ Moderate and leftist Chilean opposition groups joined forces earlier this month to manufacture riots throughout Santiago, and now they have fresh martyrs to hype interest in their drive to oust dictator Augusto Pinochet. Hours before a round of peaceful protests was to begin, unknown opposition groups set off 12 bombs, burned four buses, and spread nails on the city's major traffic arteries. In the confrontations that followed, seven people were killed, 49 wounded, and 350 arrested. Protests against Pinochet have ample justification, but the opposition seems to have adopted a strategy to entrap the government into violence. Surveying the day's carnage and the renewed interest in opposition activities, Mario Sharpe, president of the centrist Democratic Alliance, expressed the cynical attitude: "The protest has been a complete success." But in the long run, the atmosphere of goading confrontation and bitter violence serves the Marxist Left better than it does the democratic Center.

☐ A Muscovite either buys a ticket to a single performance of the opera or the ballet at the Bolshoi, or else he buys a subscription, which is called an *abonement*. Going the rounds during Chernenko's recent illness was the story of the citizen at Andropov's funeral in Red Square, just 15 months after Brezhnev's, who was asked by a policeman if he had a ticket for the event. "I don't have a ticket," he replied. "I have an *abonement*."

☐ At its core, the Vatican's 36-page critique of "liberation theology" is doctrinal. It views this movement, launched in Latin America during the 1960s, as dangerously mixing up "the history of salvation" with "profane history," and "the kingdom of God" with "human liberation." The eschaton is not to be immanentized, whatever the claims of poverty and injustice. If the Vatican had said any less, Catholic doctrine would have lost its distinctive content altogether. Just how far "liberation" theologians have gone in destroying that distinctive content is clear from such a principal work as *A Theology of Liberation*, published in 1973, by Father Gustavo Gutiérrez, a Peruvian priest. He comes close to identifying salvation with class struggle and with what he calls "the will to build a socialist society." Pope John Paul II, who knows something about socialist societies, appears to have had enough of all this, and the Vatican is in the process of stripping the theological fig leaves from the guerrillas' Kalishnikov machine guns. Hans Küng, it would be a good idea not to call your office.

☐ The current debate on Capitol Hill over a bill that would allow doctors to use heroin to ease the pain of terminally ill patients has revealed that the study of pain and its remedies is at a shockingly primitive stage. The Compassionate Pain Relief Act has a relatively slim chance of passage when it comes to a vote in the House this month. Its enemies include the AMA and the Department of Health and Human Services. But their arguments—that the heroin might be stolen from hospitals for street use; that research has not proven beyond a doubt that heroin is more effective than other drugs—pale in the face of the dry agony of the dying cancer patient. Heroin has been used successfully in Britain and dozens of other countries as the preferred choice of some doctors for some patients. By all accounts, the alleviation of pain is still an improvisational, hit-or-miss procedure, and doctors should not be denied this tool as they try to match drug with patient. Street folk can buy heroin in any major city. Dying human beings should be able to buy it in hospitals.

So Far with Ferraro

She gets the crowds; she gets the cheers.
She's free from queries on arrears.
But later, on the plane, the polls
Still hang between her shins and soles.

W. H. von Dreele

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☐ Dr. William B. Shockley, who won a Nobel Prize for his part in developing the transistor thirty years ago, and who has in recent decades busied himself with genetic theories, the upshot of which is that Negroes are inferior to whites in intelligence, has sued the publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Atlanta Journal* for $2.5 million in damages, for libel, as a result of Mr. Roger Witherspoon's remarks accusing Shockley of "racism" and linking him with the Nazi bemusement with specifically anti-Semitic eugenics during the Hitler period. The court trial started on September 5 in Atlanta. The narrow legal question is whether the publisher spoke of Shockley with "actual malice," i.e., with reckless disregard for truth: whether, in turn, Shockley's views are Hitlerite. A finding having to do with Negro intelligence would not be relevant; one could believe in Shockley's "dysgenics" without holding racial views that put one in the company of Nazis. One could also believe that a court of law is not the best place for Messrs. Shockley and Witherspoon to compose their differences. What ever happened to horse whips?

☐ Remember all those homeless millions on the streets that Dan Blather has been rathering about? A well-known federal relief agency, the Defense Department, took the stories to heart and found six hundred military facilities, mainly in inner-city areas, to use as shelters. Nobody wanted them, because of the expense of running them (typically, $50,000 in conversion costs and $30,000 to $50,000 a year in maintenance). So the DOD asked Congress for $8 million to finance the shelters, proposing to charge only a nominal sum for utilities. It also provided cots and blankets. So far there have been five takers of the six hundred sites. It appears the problem may not have been as acute as advertised.

☐ **Gerryatrics**

Out on the road she's an unguided Miss-ile.
At whistle-stop towns she's all stop and no whistle.
Her old-fashioned socialist nostrums have wheezes.
Ms. F. should stay home and read Ludwig von Mrs.

☐ **Song of the Schloppy Accountant**

I'm just an old family retainer.
You can tell by my humble demeanor.
What's a few hundred thous,
In a race for the House,
When the people of Queens are the gainer?

☐ The National Weather Service's annual picnic near Seattle was—what else?—rained out by "the heaviest downpour in months." Now back to Ferraro disclosures.

☐ A videotape of Konstantin Chernenko was released, confirming suspicions that he is dead.

The Democrats' Religious Gamble

LET NO ONE imagine for a moment that Walter Mondale has the courage to be cautious. In his dismal way, he is trying to ignite some passion behind his candidacy by fooling around with what amounts to a high-voltage wire of American culture and politics. The suspicion here is that New York Governor Mario Cuomo is behind all of this, having coached Geraldine Ferraro in San Francisco to attack Ronald Reagan's Christianity because, as a woman, she "could get away with it."

Now Mr. Mondale has seized upon a Reagan statement at a Texas prayer breakfast to the effect that those who oppose prayer in the schools are "intolerant" of religion. The President may have been overenthusiastic here. He certainly had a considerable part of the opposition to prayer dead to rights, but people do oppose school prayer for a variety of reasons.

Still, Mondale has his own motives, and as the computer printouts come in, those motives are increasingly desperate. Democratic congressional candidates are telling the Mondale campaign that disaster looms if Reagan comes in at a twenty-point spread. So Mondale's present tactic is to fire up the campaign with the "religious" issue. He also has several specific short-run goals in mind, for he badly needs to mend some fences.

President Reagan is now polling in the 30 to 40 per cent range among Jewish voters, up sharply from 1980. Mondale is trying to frighten Jewish voters with Falwell. Reagan, Mondale signals to his potential Jewish constituency, would "Christianize" America. Mondale's problem here is that the Jewish constituency, and particularly the major Jewish organizations and their leadership, were outraged by Jesse Jackson ("Hymietown") and by the egregious Farrakhan. Mondale wants to make up lost ground here by defending a hypothetical absolute wall between church and state, e.g., no Nativity scenes in Pawtucket. Mondale may, possibly, make some headway on these symbolic/status issues.

But he has a further constituency problem among upscale Gary Hart voters. Hart, after all, got about as many votes in the Democratic primaries as Mondale did, and if Lane Kirkland's troops had not picked Mondale up and dusted him off after New Hampshire, Mondale would now be back in private legal practice in Washington. The Hart constituency—young upwardly mobile professionals—does not want the envisioned Mondale income transfer from high-tech and skilled positions to the Rustbelt and the welfare underclass. Mondale knows that many of the Yuppies told pollsters they would go for Reagan if Hart lost, and Mondale is also trying to frighten them with Falwell. Now, these people do not really believe that Falwell

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is going to have any effect on their actual lives, but Falwell challenges the *legitimacy* of their lifestyles. So Mondale may make some headway with them as well.

Finally, the separation-of-church-and-state ploy by Mondale comes as life-support for both Geraldine Ferraro and her coach, Mario Cuomo. The tough political truth is that Mr. Cuomo and Mrs. Ferraro cannot be elected as Democratic Party candidates if they take a hard Catholic line on abortion, but both have been exploiting their Catholic identity as politicians, and New York's Archbishop John O'Connor is causing them trouble. Mr. Cuomo is taking the extraordinary step of journeying to Notre Dame to make a "theological" statement about his unsolvable problems here. From the political perspective of Cuomo and Mrs. Ferraro, there is no more opportune moment than the present one to talk in stern terms about the separation of church and state.

Mondale's Deficit Financing

NEVER MIND the $85-billion-a-year tax increase Walter Mondale has promised us. Let's just look at the economic assumptions behind his plan to cut the deficit by $177 billion by 1989. Those assumptions cannot possibly be taken seriously.

—$17 billion, or 10 per cent of the cut, consists of the bald, unsupported assertion that economic growth would be faster under Mondale than under Reagan (despite the enormous tax increase). What is amusing here is not so much the arbitrariness of the figure (why not claim $24 billion or $41 billion or the whole $177 billion, while they're at it?) as its source. All year the Democrats have been telling us that the roaring economic recovery is a "Keynesian" result of the big deficit; now they tell us that cutting the deficit will automatically increase the growth rate.

—A whopping $51 billion, or 30 per cent of the cut, consists of "interest savings." Some of this figure represents interest on the money the government will not have to borrow; whether you accept this portion depends solely on whether you think the rest of the scheme will work as planned. The rest represents the assumption that interest rates will be much lower under Mondale than under Reagan. This is highly dubious, because the Mondale tax plan will strike very hard at savers, and interest rates will come under upward pressure as the flow of savings dries up.

—Another $21 billion consists of cuts in health-care costs, farm programs, and waste-fraud-and-abuse. President Reagan wants to make cuts in these areas, too, but the Democrats in Congress have dragged their heels. (Somehow this enables Mondale to run against the "Reagan deficit.") It will be fun to watch Fritz evade all specifics about these cuts when he addresses farmers in Iowa and Medicare recipients in Florida.

—Last, and least realistic of all, Mondale neglects the ways in which taxpayers will rearrange their affairs to escape the bite of his enormous tax increase. Any candidate who can still presume, in 1984, that tax rates have no effect on reported economic activity is the fiscal equivalent of a flat-earther.

Practically the only economic pitch the Democrats can make this year is their zeal in reducing the deficit. Of this $177-billion plan, a minimum of $80 billion and perhaps as much as $130 billion either is imaginary or else duplicates Reagan proposals. The cost of the remainder—reckoned in national security, economic well-being, and taxpayer rights—is incalculable.

Firing Up Fritz

Some matches won't catch fire;
  Some boilers won't light up.
Some female hounds are just too bored
  To contemplate a pup.
Some Roman candles fizzle;
  Some daddies can't beget.
With Fritz, ignition fails because
  His platform is all wet.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Power behind the Throne

SHORTLY after Konstantin Chernenko's accession to power, the Kremlin initiated an unusual public campaign aimed at curbing "deviationist" tendencies in Eastern Europe—a campaign involving open media criticisms of the foreign policies of several Warsaw Pact allies, military maneuvers intended to remind said allies of who was in charge, and heavy diplomatic pressure brought to bear on East German leader Erich Honecker to cancel a long-planned trip to West Germany [see "From Washington Straight," p. 24].

Another sign that the Soviet leadership wanted to batten down the hatches in Eastern Europe was the unprecedented outpouring of articles in the Soviet media accusing Bonn of revanchism and militarism. Moscow invariably raises the specter of West German revanchism whenever it wants to crack down in Eastern Europe—external tensions and a common enemy being helpful in quieting unruly allies. What was unusual about this particular campaign, however, was the open resistance it met in Eastern Europe. Several Eastern European newspapers responded editorially to the Soviet charges, and Honecker went on planning his visit to the West. Only after weeks of cajoling from Moscow and a high-level visit from Soviet Deputy Premier Leonid Kostandov did Honecker postpone his visit to the Federal Republic.

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Was there a connection between the crackdown in Eastern Europe and the dramatic dismissal of Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov as chief of staff of the Soviet armed forces? The timing, at least, is suggestive. Honecker announced the postponement of his visit on September 4. Kostandov died unexpectedly less than 24 hours later, while still in East Germany (conspiracy theorists, take note). Chernenko reappeared in public on September 5. Ogarkov was dismissed on September 6. Kostandov's funeral—marked by numerous puzzling irregularities—took place on September 7. Immediately following Kostandov's funeral, Politburo member Mikhail Gorbachev flew to Bulgaria. Another key Politburo member, Grigory Romanov, had already left for Ethiopia on the 5th, prior to Ogarkov's removal. These were the two Young Turks who most Western observers had thought were vying for Chernenko's post. Neither would have dared leave if he had been locked in a struggle for power with the other. Nor would either have left if he had been behind Ogarkov's dismissal.

The sudden dismissal of Ogarkov and the manhandling of East Germany suggest that some other powerful figure or figures in the Soviet leadership are at work. Perhaps Chernenko is not running the Soviet Union, but *someone* clearly is. Since the Young Turks are not behind all the commotion, some member or members of the old guard must be.

Who, then, is the power behind the throne? Most likely it is none other than Foreign Minister and (a title often forgotten) First Deputy Premier Andrei Gromyko. The signs of his ascendancy are everywhere. He is the most intelligent and the longest surviving of the current Soviet leadership, and no Soviet leader has been more in the public view or more obviously a moving force than he in the past year. It would be perfectly in character for him to seek to reassert Soviet authority in Eastern Europe; he is also on record as wanting to punish West Germany for having accepted U.S. intermediate-range missiles on its territory.

If Gromyko has an ally, it is Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, without whose approval Ogarkov could never have been ousted. Both Gromyko and Ustinov are no-nonsense types who might well want to demonstrate the Party's authority over the military and send a dampening chill through the Warsaw Pact at the same time. Alas, the West can take no comfort from the assertiveness of the old guard. Both Gromyko and Ustinov are a healthy 75, making them a mere two years older than the major leader in the Western world who grasps what the Soviet Union is all about.

Donegan, *Punch* / Rothco

"This is a smoking carriage, madam. Kindly move to a non-smoker or light up."

The Pols and the Bishops

IN STRIKING down laws prohibiting and limiting abortion in all fifty states, the Supreme Court threw an apple of discord not only into American politics but into private areas of American life as well. Nothing could be more fatuous than those liberals who keep repeating how calm everything would be if only people would "accept" the Court's decision; even as Afghanistan would be calm if only Afghans would accept Communism.

The current phase of the abortion controversy has seen Walter Mondale, Mario Cuomo, and Edward Kennedy taking their cracks at moral theology and at the Roman Catholic bishops. Kennedy is of course an absurd figure in this debate; though it is hardly necessary for him to declare his interest, the fewer laws we have enforcing morals, the safer he is. Mondale is no less absurd lecturing Jewish groups on the need for secularization, when he was so recently bidding ("pandering," according to some Jewish spokesmen) for New York's Jewish vote by promising to move the U.S. Embassy from the secular capital of Tel Aviv to the holy city of Jerusalem. Cuomo is the only member of this trio likely to land on his feet.

Meanwhile the Catholic bishops have entered the debate with enough force to make the Democrats swallow hard. While refraining from naming or endorsing candidates, they insist that the abortion "holocaust" is an urgent political issue—"the critical issue of the moment," in the words of New England's 18 bishops.

New York's Archbishop John O'Connor went further: He publicly accused Geraldine Ferraro of misrepresenting Catholic teaching on abortion. She denied that she had ever so much as mentioned Catholic teaching, when in fact she has referred to it often. In one case she wrote a preface to a collection of essays by pro-abortion Catholics, of which she said: "It will show us that the Catholic position on abortion is not monolithic and that there can be a range of personal

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and political responses to the issue." Though "personally opposed," etc., she also, it transpires, told a pro-abortion group last year that if one of her daughters were pregnant and didn't want the baby, she would say, "Here's the money. Please go see a doctor." Is that part of the Catholic "range of personal and political responses to the issue"? If so, the word "Catholic" is meaningless.

The UAW v. Floppy Disks

THE MAJOR demand of the United Auto Workers this year hinges not on wages but on "job security." The union wants to stop automakers from shifting production from plant to plant. If it gets its way, the workers at each plant will in effect be guaranteed a certain amount of work even if the company could cut costs and raise productivity by moving the work elsewhere.

The notion of mobility is the great bane of unionism, as it is of statism. If capital is mobile, it can escape to states and countries where it receives its full product. If workers are mobile, they can find jobs without asking the union or the local pols. If products are mobile, they can flood in from far away to compete with local output.

This is why the rise of information-intensive modes of production is so threatening to the unions and politicians. As equipment becomes miniaturized and quickly obsolete, workplaces can pull up stakes at less cost than ever before. "Work" itself can now be embedded on chips, sent through the mails on floppy disks, even transmitted over telephone wires.

The whole software field is deeply subversive of cherished socialist principles. Regulators can't keep track of who is writing it; picket lines can't block it; tariff walls can't keep it out of the country. (An exercise: Calculate the "domestic content" of a software item jointly produced by programmers in the United States, Canada, and Hong Kong hooked up to each other by telephone.)

In heavy industry, likewise, modern production methods are hard to reconcile with traditional union practices. Take, for example, the Japanese technique of "just in time" production, in which parts inventories are held down to almost zero. As the automakers are learning to their regret, "just in time" production leaves a company terribly vulnerable to sudden strikes. Firms that have to maintain large inventories because of strike threats are going to lose out in competition with those that don't.

This helps explain why the Democratic Party is not about to adopt the vision of a new, flexible American economy that was dimly and haltingly articulated by Gary Hart in the late primary campaign. Hart's message was dim and halting not because the senator lacks oratorical skills, but because it is a message suited to the Republican rather than the Democratic Party. Filling in the details of what a flexible, dynamic economy would look like would too clearly threaten entrenched Democratic interest groups.

The UAW, like its allies in the Democratic Party, wants to bottle up these productive energies in the old work categories. That is the meaning of the call for laws restricting plant closings and barring Japanese competition. (The AFL-CIO has even come out for a ban on "telecommuting," the practice by which employees do computer work at home.) If the "Atari Democrats" want to preserve the mobility and competition that make the new technology possible, they are headed toward a break with their party.

1984: The Legislation

PROPONENTS of the Civil Rights Act of 1984 insist, as is customary in such cases, that their bill is less important than its opponents think it is. The bill has been presented as a simple correction of an erroneously narrow judicial interpretation of existing civil-rights laws. In *United States* v. *Grove City College* the Supreme Court held that an educational institution receiving federal financial aid thereby subjects only the particular program receiving the aid to the civil-rights laws. The new Civil Rights Act is necessary, its backers say, to make it clear that rules against discrimination in federally funded institutions cannot be evaded by creative bookkeeping techniques.

The claim that the bill does nothing but reverse *Grove City*, however, is quite simply false. Both the text of the bill and the debate in the House of Representatives make it clear that it would also effect a dramatic expansion of the class of persons and institutions that must comply with federal civil-rights regulations. Not only schools and colleges, but everyone else who receives federal funds or other support, *directly or indirectly*, would be covered. And it is crucial to recall what being covered by the federal civil-rights laws has come to mean. Being scrupulously color-blind is not nearly enough, and may even get you into trouble. Under the proposed act, grocery stores accepting food stamps could be required to rebuild their premises so as to make them more accessible to the handicapped. Churches with affiliated colleges accepting student loans would be subjected to lawsuits demanding not just an end to the all-male priesthood, but an affirmative-action program that would remain in place until all vestiges of hundreds or thousands of years of past discrimination had been wiped out. Farmers receiving crop subsidies could be required to hire handicapped people and people over forty in proportion to their numbers in the general population. The Civil Rights Act of 1984, in other words, would substantially advance the development of civil-rights law toward its perfect state, in which it will give

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judges and bureaucrats the authority to require anyone to do anything.

As this editorial went to press the latest word from Washington was that Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker was planning to bring the Civil Rights Act to the floor during the current special session of Congress. This will force Republican senators either to appear to be against civil rights or to vote for a bill whose only appealing feature is its name. Senator Baker would be better advised to use these few weeks before the election to give his Democratic colleagues the opportunity to vote against the school-prayer amendment, the balanced-budget amendment, and the tuition-tax-credit bill and then to explain to their constituents that they really do support prayer, balanced budgets, and fair treatment for parents of children attending non-public schools. But if the Civil Rights Act of 1984 must take precedence over these matters, it will demand a lot of Republican profiles in courage.

Latin America Watch

AN ESTIMATED 500,000 Salvadorans have been forced to flee their homes because of guerrilla attacks. . . . Moscow will begin constructing major air and naval bases on the islands of São Tomé and Principe off the West African coast. Observers believe these islands will be forward support centers for Cuban troops defending the Luanda regime in Angola. . . . **Tomás Borge**, leader of the pro-Soviet hard-line faction within the Sandinista regime, told West German journalists that the prospects of the democratic opposition's winning in the upcoming elections equaled his prospects of "boarding a spaceship and flying to Jupiter." . . . Borge recently attended Communist celebrations in Ethiopia and Libya. In Tripoli, he opened negotiations to buy several MiGs and Mirage fighter planes. He also reviewed Libyan troops, along with **Louis Farrakhan**. . . . A poll conducted by the Interdisciplinary Development Consultants shows that 79 per cent of Costa Ricans look with disfavor on the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, while 4 per cent support it.

Frank Trager, RIP

FRANK TRAGER, the scholar and teacher, was an enthusiastic socialist; indeed he served the New York State Socialist Party as secretary and treasurer during the Thirties. He was born again in time to devote a full lifetime to opposing totalitarianism, specializing in the version that fructified under Mao Tse-tung. The laundering of Mao was the great ideological operation of the Sixties, and it carried on athwart the efforts of a relatively few men and women who could see no essential difference between the great figures of twentieth-century tyranny, Hitler, Stalin, and Mao. Professor Trager served for two years as program director of the Anti-Defamation League; he taught at MIT, Yale, the National War College; and he wrote a number of books, the most provocative of which was *Why Vietnam?* We mourn Frank Trager, even as we do those prominent political figures who act as though that book had never been written, nor its cogent arguments made.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed correspondence regarding our NATIONAL REVIEW commercial.

I think the Screen Actors Guild's "investigation" into this matter clearly demonstrates their continuing politicization. In their fervor to punish and thus correct this impure thinking, they totally disregarded the fact that they have no jurisdiction in the matter, whatsoever.

The American Federation of Television and Radio Artists' subsequent insistence on my receiving payment for the commercial is even more insidious because it seeks to prohibit me from freely giving that which is *my own*; namely my time and my labor. This is wrong!

I have returned the payment to you and am looking into my legal remedies in the matter. If you need my services for "The Return of the NATIONAL REVIEW Commercial," I will be pleased and honored to donate them.

Sincerely,
Tom Selleck
Honolulu, Hawaii

Miss Clinta M. Dayton
Assistant National Executive Secretary
Screen Actors Guild
7750 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood, Calif. 90046

Re: Tom Selleck/NATIONAL REVIEW magazine commercial

Dear Miss Dayton:

We represent Tom Selleck with regard to various legal matters. Reference is made to your letter to Mr. Selleck, dated May 3, 1984, in which you stated, on behalf of the Screen Actors Guild, that there appeared to be a violation by Mr. Selleck of Rule 1 of the SAG Constitution and Bylaws and that the SAG Board of Directors had asked you to "investigate" this matter before proceeding with possible disciplinary

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WHO'S GOING TO PAY OFF OUR NATIONAL DEBT?

Future generations may be in for a rude awakening. They might have to pick up the tab for this generation's trillion dollar debt.

Stories like this are complex. That's why you should watch The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour every weeknight. News stories get the time they deserve. The time *you* deserve. You get more facts. You hear different sides. Most important, you get the analysis you need to understand the issues behind the stories.

Major funding for The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour is provided by AT&T, the national corporate underwriter.

The MacNeil/Lehrer NEWSHOUR
Weeknights on Public TV

AT&T

Produced by WNET/13, N.Y., WETA, Wash., D.C., and MacNeil-Lehrer-Gannett Prod. Funded by AT&T, Public Television Stations, and CPB. © AT&T 1984

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action pursuant to the SAG Constitution and Bylaws.

After SAG was informed by Bettye McCartt, Mr. Selleck's agent, that the commercial was done under AFTRA jurisdiction for National Media Group and R. M. Marketing, you acknowledged in your letter, dated May 7, 1984, that "no SAG Rule 1 violation occurred and therefore no disciplinary action is warranted," since the employment occurred within the jurisdiction of AFTRA for an AFTRA signatory.

Mr. Selleck is justifiably shocked and distressed that the Screen Actors Guild, of which he has been a member for 17 years, would pursue this reckless, irresponsible, and vindictive course of action against him, particularly where SAG did not even have any jurisdiction regarding the matter and did not make any inquiry concerning the basis for its jurisdiction and accusations, and apparently asserted the accusations for improper purposes.

. . . This type of coercive intimidation is reminiscent of the insidious way in which fundamental freedoms are lost or subjugated, particularly where the action is taken in the purported name of some other principle such as the enforcement of Guild rules. The chilling effect of this cannot be ignored, and should not be tolerated.

On Mr. Selleck's behalf, we would like to register our strong protest concerning SAG's handling of this matter, and we would request that there be some explanation as to why the Guild took this action, why the Guild made no threshold inquiry concerning its jurisdiction before making irresponsible accusations, and whether SAG communicated with AFTRA regarding this matter.

Sincerely,
John H. Lavely Jr.
Lavely & Singer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Selleck: Attaboy! Congratulations and, yet again, thanks. —WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Hurray! You had everyone at the breakfast table standing up and clapping this morning. The occasion was your interview promoting the re-release of *Up from Liberalism* on the CBS morning news. The family clapped and cheered as you singlehandedly renewed our faith in conservatism.

The remarks that elicited the wildest bout of applause were when you said you disagreed with the Reagan Administration on its stance to withhold highway funds from states that have not enacted a drinking age of 21. Until this morning we were convinced that no one believed in States' Rights any more.

So grateful am I for what you said that I have made a solemn pledge to buy the new version of *Up from Liberalism*, and to try and convince everyone who will listen to me to do likewise.

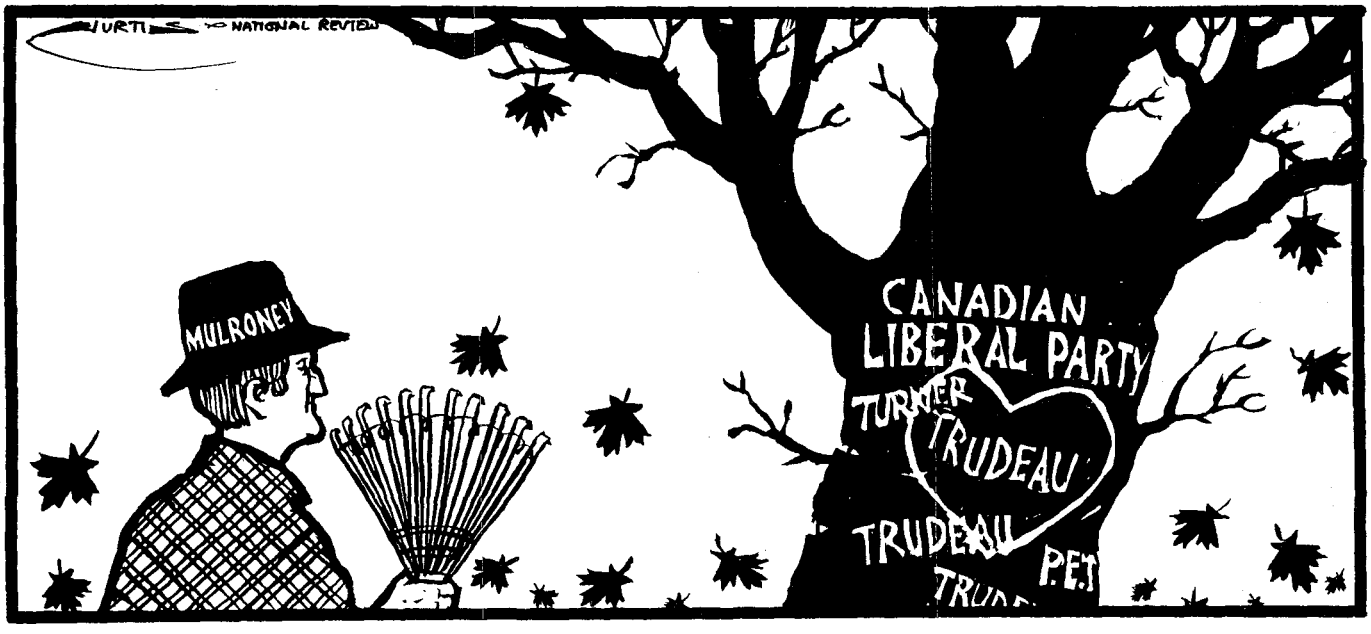
With the hopes that *you* have a very pleasant day, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Eric Lipman
Rochester, N.Y.

P.S.: Father, who for years has aspired to be in your oxymoron contest, notes that smoking is his strongest weakness.

P.P.S.: If his oxymoron does not make it, I was wondering if I could nominate Fritz Mondale for just the moron part?

Dear Mr. Lipman: Many thanks. And with the hope that you have a very pleasant evening, quite dry if on the road. Cordially, —WFB



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How an idea in yesterday's funny papers can become tomorrow's front page headlines.

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SOVIET LEADERSHIP LIMBO

THE COMPETITION between the Soviet Union and the United States will be decided in Europe. That's the dictum making the rounds of the international community in the nation's capital. Japan may be becoming mega-powerful economically, the rest of Asia may be becoming more productive and competitive, but the future of the world will not be decided on the Pacific Rim—or in Africa, the Middle East, or Latin America—but in Europe. "Compared to Europe, all the rest are side-shows," observed a seasoned Washington diplomat. "Keep your eye on center stage."

The diplomat is referring to the current extreme disarray of the Soviet Union's leadership, and how the Eastern Europeans are attempting to take advantage of it. Take, for example, East Germany—traditionally Moscow's closest ally—which has been conducting a heady round of Westpolitik with the other half of that divided country. Specific acts of détente between the Germanys include two major West German hard-currency loans (totaling more than $700 million) and the East German issuance of more than thirty thousand exit permits to citizens yearning to emigrate—a number exceeding all previous records in the 23 years since the Berlin Wall was erected. To cap off this summer of détente, Erich Honecker, the East German leader, had actually been planning to visit West Germany in late September; he would have been the first East German leader ever to have done so. Sources here say that Honecker got clearance for the visit in June from Soviet leader Konstantin Chernenko on the occasion of the Eastern bloc economic summit in Moscow. However, when Chernenko took sick, hard-line Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko was able to spike the visit.

Other Eastern European countries, notably Hungary and Bulgaria, are showing their independence even more successfully by pursuing contacts with the People's Republic of China (currently odious to the Soviets) and the U.S.A. (The Bulgarian leader had been scheduled to visit West Germany later on.) "Would you believe this?" asks a Washington Sovietologist. "The Hungarian National Bank is selling commemorative coins of the 1984 Los Angeles Summer Olympics, coins minted in Hungary and on sale nationwide within a week after the games ended. [The Hungarians were coerced into boycotting the Los Angeles games.] Doesn't that tell you something?"

Rumania is also demonstrating an independence uncommon even for that maverick nation. The president of the People's Republic of China, Li Xiannian, met recently in Bucharest with Nicolae Ceausescu and the two men issued a statement calling on the United States and the Soviet Union to halt deployment of medium-range nuclear missiles. Other Eastern-bloc nations have made similar exhortations, and their peoples have publicly demonstrated against the emplacement of Soviet SS-20s on their soil.

What is happening is that the Eastern Europeans (including the miserably positioned Poles) are defying Soviet hard-line rhetoric—or, to be more precise, Gromyko's rhetoric—by saying, in effect, that since the superpowers are not speaking to each other, and since the threat of nuclear confrontation has not been eased, the smaller European powers are responsible for promoting coexistence.

The hiatus in Soviet leadership is making this audacity possible. Chernenko's grave illness is the principal cause of the leadership crisis, his lung cancer compounded by a heart attack. The 73-year-old leader has hardly been seen since July 15, and even before then, Westerners who had met with him commented on the state of his health. David Owen, the British politician, who is also a physician, says Chernenko looked frail when he saw him and had trouble breathing. The French physician accompanying François Mitterrand to Moscow last spring made a similar report. The Soviet leader failed to make an appearance at the end of the USSR's substitute Olympic Games, the Friendship Games, on August 30.

THE Reagan Administration views the Soviet leadership crisis as grave, but not dangerous. "The gravity stems from the governance aspect," notes a top official. "A quick consolidation of power will not occur in the Kremlin even if Chernenko were to die tomorrow." Anyone elected as his successor—even if he were young and healthy, like 53-year-old Mikhail Gorbachev, second-ranking Communist Party official, seen on Soviet TV in late August in situations that made him look very much like Number One—would need three to five years to consolidate power. However, the situation is not dangerous because as long as the leadership is weak the Soviets will not pursue a major "modernization drive" internally, or additional expansion externally.

From Mr. Reagan's political standpoint, Chernenko's illness deals the President an ace. Mr. Reagan took office in January 1981, when Leonid Brezhnev was already suffering heart and other ailments. Brezhnev died in November 1982. Yuri Andropov succeeded him and lasted for 16 months, leaving us in March of this year. Now we have Konstantin Chernenko, who looks as if he is on his last legs. "How can I take bold steps for peace with three consecutive top Soviet leaders chronically ill and paralyzing the Soviet government?" That's what we'll be hearing from the President. Simple, easily understood, true, and the American people will buy it. So Ronald Reagan lucks out once again. □

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B. BRUCE-BRIGGS

A CATECHISM OF STRATEGIC DEFENSE

Mr. Bruce-Briggs's essay is a primer on strategic vocabulary and thought, and introduces more knowledge about more relevant points in the great debate of strategic considerations than most people who think themselves sophisticated on the subject are acquainted with. —ED.

What is strategic defense and why is it important?
Strategic defense is the defense of the homeland from military attack. The definition establishes its importance.

Why has the United States been paying such scant attention to strategic defense?
Fortunately, the United States historically has been able to downplay strategic defense. In the nineteenth century our major military investment was in coastal defense—forts at the entrances to every vital harbor. At the turn of the century, the U.S. became flush enough to afford a deep-water navy that could engage a potential attacker far out to sea, thus obviating the need for direct defense of the homeland. In the twentieth century, the U.S. adopted a strategy of resisting constructive enemies in Eurasia—Imperial Germany, Nazi Germany, the Soviet Union—before they could consolidate sufficient power to strike at America.

The forward-defense strategy will be required for the foreseeable future, so long as Soviet expansion in Eurasia menaces; it is against that threat that the great bulk of U.S. forces are deployed and a considerable alliance system has been erected.

Nonetheless, the threat of attack upon the homeland exists, and is rising, and therefore the need for strategic defense is growing.

What is the strategic threat to the American homeland?
Toward the middle of this century, extraordinarily deadly weapons were invented, together with the means to deliver them at intercontinental ranges by vehicles that traverse the atmosphere. Lodgments on Eurasia, command of the seas, and coastal fortifications are worthless against attack by this weaponry.

Today the Soviet Union and the United States both have the means effectively to destroy any country in the world, including each other, in a few hours. The United Kingdom and France could do grave damage to any country. The People's Republic of China has that capability vis-à-vis its neighbors and soon will have worldwide reach. Other countries will join the devastation club in the early twenty-first century. The prospect is bleak.

What has the U.S. been doing to counter this strategic threat?
Since 1950, the U.S. Government has spent roughly $200 billion (in 1984 dollars) on strategic defense—both active and passive defense.

What do active defense and passive defense mean?
These terms are current strategic jargon: Active defense blocks an attack before it hits its target; passive defense reduces the damage caused by an attack without harming the attacker.

What constitutes passive defense and how has the U.S. been using it?
Passive defense can be classified under these heads:

Augmentation—Add to the number of targets so that even a successful attack will destroy a smaller proportion of them. The U.S. did this until the mid-Sixties, by adding bombers and missiles, and then stopped. Recently there has been a return to augmentation by adding intermediate-range and cruise missiles.

Dispersion—Spread out potential targets so that fewer are damaged by individual enemy attacks. U.S. bomber and missile forces are thus dispersed, and there are certainly plans for wider dispersion in crisis and in war. Similarly, at least on paper, plans exist to disperse the civil population in crisis and in war by evacuation from the vicinity of prime targets.

Mobility—Move targets so that they cannot be as easily hit. This is standard practice for our bombers and sea-launched missiles.

Concealment—Hide targets so that the other side cannot easily find them. A good part of the U.S. strategic offensive force is hidden underwater on submarines.

Fortification—Place land-based missiles and certain communications links in heavily fortified bunkers ("hardened silos") to defend them against attack. The headquarters of the North American strategic defense command is buried

Mr. Bruce-Briggs is an associate editor of the Detroit News. *He was formerly associated with the Hudson Institute.*

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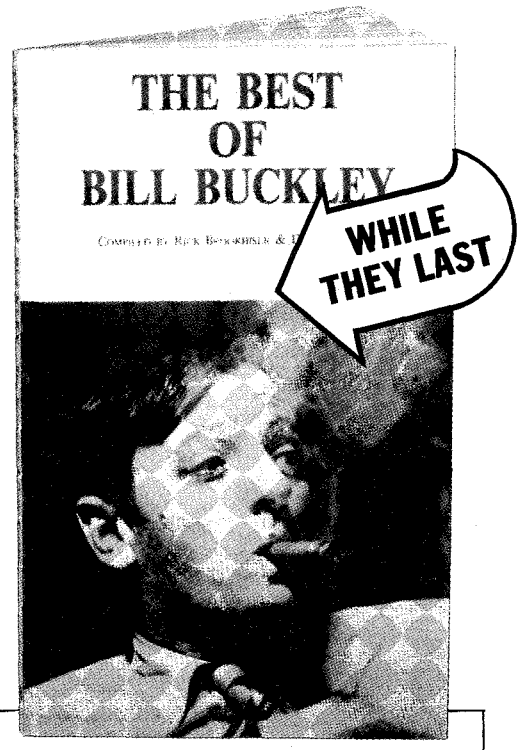

"... though liberals do a great deal of talking about hearing other points of view, it sometimes shocks them to learn that there *are* other points of view."

"I am obliged to confess that I should sooner live in a society governed by the first two thousand names in the Boston telephone directory than a society governed by the first two thousand faculty members of Harvard University."

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deep under a Wyoming mountain. Bombers and communication equipment are "hardened" against radiation and other environmental effects of nuclear attack. Furthermore, the government has identified millions of places suitable as bunkers—"fallout shelters"—to protect civilians from most radiation effects of nuclear weapons.

Damage Control—Reduce secondary effects of attack—for example, by providing for the treatment of wounds and the control of fires.

How does passive defense relate to civil defense?
Civil defense is the passive defense of the civil population, of industry, of the cities, of everything in the nation except military targets.

Note that most American passive defenses have been of the strategic offensive forces (SOF), to maintain what strategic jargon terms "credible second-strike capability"; that is, to convince a potential attacker that, whatever he does, some of our strategic forces will survive to strike back. It is generally held that this posture is desirable, so investments in the passive defense of strategic forces are as uncontroversial as any of these matters can be.

Purposive passive defense of nonstrategic military forces and of the civil population, economy, and society has been trivial. A modest program was started by President Truman; an attempt at a serious expansion under President Kennedy came a cropper. Since that time civil defense has straggled along underfunded, undermanned, and with low morale.

Would passive defense save the nation from attack?
Passive defense of the strategic offensive forces may have already saved the nation by dissuading attack, but we cannot know without access to Soviet decision-making. We may doubt that the civil-defense effort has had any influence on Soviet policy.

Could passive defense save the nation if we were attacked?
That would depend upon the plan of the attack and other factors only roughly calculable. The earlier statement holds: Despite all efforts short of physically redesigning the nation to meet an attack—of fortifying the entire country by building deep blast shelters for people and industry—America could be effectively destroyed in a few hours if the Soviet leaders decided to do so. The effects of that enduring condition on national morale are beginning to sink in.

What kinds of active defense are there?
Active defense is the destruction or deflection of incoming weapons. In strategic jargon, there is "point defense" of a single spot on the map, and "area defense" of many points at once. Area defense of cities is called "population defense." Defensive systems are also labeled "thick" and "thin." And active defense is classified according to what is being defended against—"air defense" against vehicles that fly in the air (bombers and guided/cruise missiles) and "ballistic-missile defense" (BMD) against weapons that fall from space.

What has the United States done about active defense?
An enormous amount. When the Soviet Union acquired atomic bombs and began to build a bomber fleet in the 1950s, the U.S. (together with Canada) constructed perhaps the most elaborate defensive system since the Great Wall of China. Three lines of radar were thrown across North America up to the Arctic Circle and out to sea on ships and offshore towers. Thousands of fighter interceptors, armed with nuclear missiles, were deployed. U.S. cities were ringed by anti-aircraft nuclear missiles at Nike sites. This system was linked together by an intricate communications net directed from the North American Air Defense (NORAD) headquarters under Cheyenne Mountain, Wyoming.

What happened to the air-defense system?
It was outrun by technology. The Soviets cut back their bomber commitment in favor of intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs). Most of NORAD was shut down, because it seemed wasteful to spend so much money defending against bombers when missiles would arrive hours earlier to take out the radars and blind the system. A small air-defense apparatus survives, mostly Canadian and Air National Guard fighters, which is now being bolstered somewhat in anticipation of Soviet deployment of cruise missiles.

Does not the debacle of air defense demonstrate that a defense will be beaten by offensive improvements?
No. Soviet ICBMs were not a reaction to air defense, because they were under development before NORAD. Continental air defense may well have achieved all its objectives, because the best defense is the one that is not attacked.

What about ballistic-missile defense?
An ICBM is shot up into space by a rocket and falls to earth in the ballistic trajectory described in freshman physics. Hardly were ballistic missiles invented when people tried to think of ways to counter them (one of the last jobs of the Rosenberg spy ring was to deliver early U.S. BMD research to the USSR). The problem has been characterized as that of "hitting a bullet with a bullet."

A BMD system has four related tasks: acquisition, or detecting the incoming missile; discrimination, or determining if the incoming object is a missile or a decoy deployed to outfox you; interception, or getting something up to meet the missile; and destruction, or killing, deflecting, or disarming it.

How does BMD work?
The original U.S. BMD research followed the design of air defense. Ground-based radars would pick up the incoming object; ground-based computers would analyze its movement to calculate whether it acted like a real missile or like a decoy; the computers would tell the ground-based interceptor missile when to fire and in what direction, and would continue to give the interceptor orders by radio to put it on a collision course with the incoming missile. When the interceptor was as near to the target as possible, it would explode a nuclear weapon and hope to kill its prey.

Two systems were conceived: The first, an "exoatmospheric," or outside the atmosphere, system, had the great advantages of an early intercept and of being able to kill

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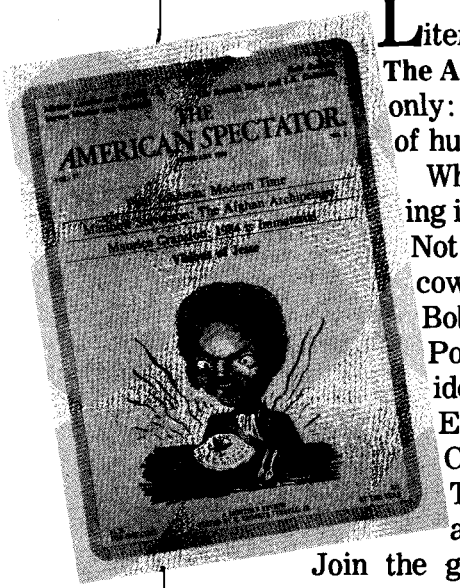

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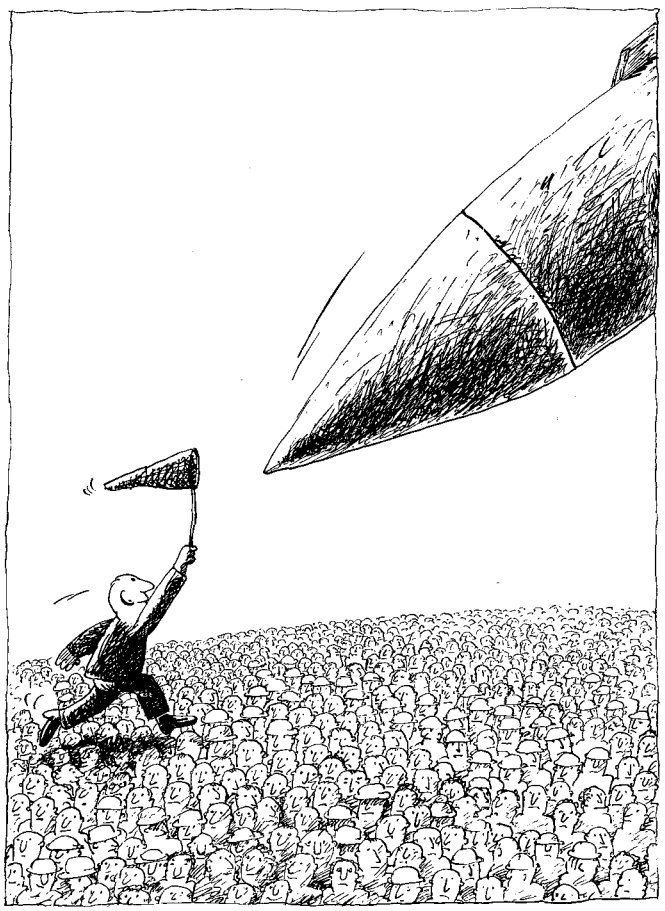
by special nuclear munitions that could project radiation in space to burn the incoming missile at a considerable distance. Because they reach very high altitudes, exoatmospheric weapons can intercept many possible missile trajectories and are considered to be area-defense systems.

The "endoatmospheric," or inside the atmosphere, option had a late kill and required more accuracy, but discrimination was easier because decoys would mostly have been burned away by the atmosphere, or, if they were not, gravity and air resistance would make them fall in a path different from a real missile's. Because of the late kill closer to ground level, endoatmospheric intercepts are associated with point defense.

In the 1960s, BMD research had progressed to the point where deployment was under consideration. The system selected had both an exoatmospheric area-defense weapon and an endoatmospheric point-defense weapon. This produced what is called "layered defense," which takes advantage of the principle of multiple processing—if each layer kills 90 per cent, then the first gets 90 per cent, the second gets 90 per cent of the remaining 10 per cent, or 9 per cent, and so forth.

Why not just deploy a single system that is 100 per cent effective?

That would be a perfect defense, and perfection is an attribute of the Almighty, blasphemous to ascribe to mere man-made systems. It is startling that both advocates and opponents of strategic defense are ignorant (or pretend to be) of such an obvious article of doctrine. A perfect defense is impossible. What is possible and desirable is an effective defense.



Marian-Raul Tiganu

What is an effective defense?

An effective defense makes attack more difficult, more costly, and more time-consuming, and therefore makes the defender safer by dissuading an enemy from attacking, reducing damage, and providing time to hit back at the enemy's strike forces. For example, any bank vault can be cracked with enough resources and time; bank vaults are built to dissuade safecrackers, not to defend deposits perfectly.

A defense must also be "cost-effective," in the sense of being a good investment of military dollars compared with other ways to spend money. Defensive costs should also have a favorable relationship to what it would cost the other side to overcome the defense; this is called the "cost-exchange ratio" in strategic jargon. A million-dollar defense that costs a billion dollars to penetrate is a good investment; the converse is not.

What does an effective defense achieve?

Not in any order of importance, an effective BMD can do the following:

1. Either a thick or a thin system can provide a highly credible area defense against small attacks
   a) by lesser nuclear powers (e.g., China now, and possibly lots more in the twenty-first century).
   b) launched accidentally (highly unlikely because of elaborate precautions, but not entirely impossible).
   c) for purposes of demonstration or retaliation by a major power in crisis or war (these are much more likely than major attacks).
   d) by errant ICBMs aimed at military targets that might stray toward the wrong target.
2. An area or a series of point defenses might slow down an attack on strategic offensive forces, thereby reducing the attacker's confidence in a quick victory and also permitting controlled use of nuclear weapons in prolonged nuclear war. Both of these, of course, dissuade conflict. Because our SOFs are his prime targets, here is where we surely must concentrate our defense.
3. A very thick defense might prevent national destruction from a mass genocidal attack. (Fortunately, this sort of attack is of no military value and commends itself only to the paranoid fantasies of idle housewives, professors, and clergy.)
4. Even poor BMD can prompt an adversary to maintain his offensive capability by spending money that he would otherwise use for other weapons. If our cost-exchange ratio is favorable, we are better off.

Achievement of any of these bolsters national security, and any effective BMD system will provide protection from more than one threat.

Can BMD eliminate fear of nuclear attack?

As a nation, we should fear national destruction by enemy attack, or by occupying forces after capitulation from fear of enemy attack, or after destruction of our strategic offensive forces. But as individuals, we most fear the destruction of ourselves, our family and friends, and our local environment. Because no defense is perfect, we cannot be sure that our home city will be successfully defended. It must be assumed that at least one missile in a serious attack will get through.

And ballistic-missile defense will not deal with other

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means of delivering nuclear weapons, poisons, and deadly bacteria—by aircraft (although BMD systems have anti-aircraft capability), by ship, or by mail (you can send a small nuclear explosive by parcel post).

What is the relationship between active and passive defense?
They are mutually substitutable and supplementary. An active defense that intercepts half the incoming missiles is equivalent to a passive defense that saves half the targets; within a fixed budget, the system chosen would depend on cost-effectiveness. But passive defense can also supplement active defense by providing another layer of defense.

BMD interacts nicely with civil defense. Thinning out the attack can reduce the civil-defense problem to "manageable" horrors.

What are the arguments against strategic defense?
The theoretical arguments against strategic defense were nicely summarized by the late strategist Herman Kahn, roughly like this:

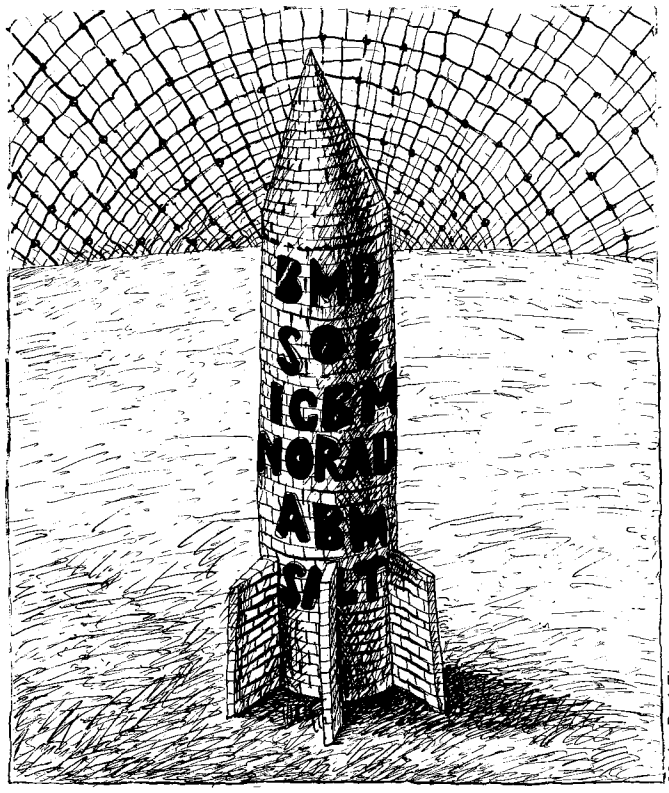
1. It won't work, and will waste a lot of money.
2. It will work too well, driving the world into an arms race and encouraging aggressive behavior by national commanders.
3. Both.

What are the objections to the objections to strategic defense?
The objectors concentrate their fire on the straw man of a perfect defense. As for the rest, the effectiveness can only be judged under attack, and the prime purpose of a defensive system is to dissuade attack. The costs can range from trivial to impossible.

That strategic defense would make the U.S. more belligerent is refuted by our lassitude today despite our wonderful defense against all nations that lack nuclear weapons. (The best defense remains the unarmament of others.) Further, the U.S. had such a defense against Soviet strategic attack in the early 1950s, and the U.S. was at that time markedly more anti-Communist and bellicose than today, yet was not aggressive against the USSR. (However, effective strategic defense might make the Soviets more aggressive.)

Moreover, the argument that strategic defense won't work nicely counters the argument that it will work too well. As was pointed out by President Kennedy's BMD research boss, Charles M. Herzfeld, the other side will be dissuaded from attack because the defense might work, and we will be dissuaded from aggressiveness because the defense might not work. BMD opens up a window of uncertainty.

The claim that any defense can be overcome disregards the purposes of strategic defense listed above. The objection is founded upon an obsolete image of nuclear war as the smashing of cities. The only reason that cities were targeted earlier in the nuclear age is that the weaponry was clumsy and inaccurate. (The Nagasaki raid missed by five miles.) Modern weapons can be carefully controlled and directed against military targets, with priority given to strategic offensive forces—in the jargon, this constitutes "counterforce." Whatever uncertainties there are in BMD, no serious person doubts that the SOF can be defended long enough to launch in retaliation.



Marian-Raul Tiganu

What is the relationship between strategic defense and deterrence?
"Deterrence" is the influencing of the behavior of others by threat of reprisal. "Defense" includes an ability to protect ourselves from his counteractions before, during, and after the execution of our threat. Obviously, our defense makes our threat more credible, and therefore reinforces deterrence.

(Considerable confusion has been engendered by the false identification of "deterrence" with mass attacks on Soviet cities. Actually, the ability to blow away Soviet cities is no deterrent to the harassment of U.S. diplomats, while our ability to harass their diplomats is a deterrent. The term should only be used in a context of what action is being deterred, and by whom.)

What about the arms-race implications of strategic defense?
"Arms race" is an unfortunate metaphor circulated by ignorant or cynical folk working to block improvements in weaponry, even those that improve security. Apart from the cost, a defensive arms race would be desirable. A race of offense against defense might or might not be desirable, depending upon the particular circumstances, not simplistic metaphors.

Can defense eliminate the need for an offense?
Just as a safecracker could penetrate a bank vault with a hand drill if he had enough time, any defense eventually can be broken by a determined offense, so an offensive capability must be maintained to give the defense credibility.

Can we substitute assured defense for assured destruction?
Neither defense nor destruction can be assured, except by divinely perfect military systems. In particular, the inability

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to assuredly defend cities requires at least a reserve force to threaten reprisal in kind. Effective defenses greatly reduce the need to rely upon threats of reprisal for security, but do not eliminate them altogether.

With so many advantages, why has the U.S. no active BMD now?
That requires a quick history of ABM.

But first, what is the difference between ABM and BMD?
BMD is the generic term for all types of ballistic-missile defense. ABM was the particular anti-ballistic-missile system developed in the 1960s, officially christened "Sentinel" and "Safeguard," and the term is sometimes used for the contemporary Soviet system. Otherwise, BMD is preferred usage.

What happened to ABM?
In 1967 President Johnson and Defense Secretary McNamara ordered deployment of a thin ABM system. But when Mr. Nixon came to power, most of the Democrats turned against ABM, and it was strangled in the domestic political wars between Tet and Watergate. Opponents used all the anti-strategic-defense arguments above, but what was certainly central was partisanship and anti-militarism festering from the frustration of the Indochina war. Support for ABM was weak for several reasons: The armed forces wanted the resources for other purposes; the Administration was desperate to cut spending in order to fight inflation; and even BMD advocates were less than enthusiastic about its capabilities—the radars were vulnerable to attack, the ground-to-interceptor communications were subject to confusion under conditions of nuclear combat, and the computers were clumsy and perhaps too slow. Some BMD supporters favored it merely to get a camel's nose in the tent; others opposed it because it would eat up money that could be better used for superior systems.

In the end, Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger bargained away ABM in the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT) of 1972.* SALT I restricted the ABM deployments of both sides to two sites of one hundred launchers each. In 1974, this was cut back to one base each, and in 1976 the U.S. unilaterally shut down its last ABM base. But the radars remain and so do the missiles.

Why the revival of interest in active defense recently?
Political—There has been a great national reawakening of concern about defense in general, effectively exploited by the most vigorous elements of the Republican Party.

Factional—The defeat of ABM left an implacable hard-core BMD underground—in the weapons labs (Livermore, Los Alamos, Oak Ridge), in "think-tanks" (Stanford Research Institute, Institute for Defense Analyses, Hudson Institute), and among Young Turk congressional staff advisors to conservative Republicans and the shrinking band of liberal Democratic hawks—which proselytized tirelessly.

Technological—This is the most important reason. In the twentieth century, technology drives strategy. During the 1970s the Soviet Union greatly improved the accuracy of its ICBM force, increasingly threatening our land-based ICBMs, and passive defenses looked less adequate. The futile search for a plausible basing scheme (i.e., passive defense) for the MX missile led necessarily to reconsideration of active defense.

Meanwhile, technology has swept on. Four developments completely changed the ballistic-missile-defense equation:

1. The capacity, speed, and compactness of today's computers make the 1960s equipment look antediluvian. Now the computers can be put on the missiles, which can thus find their way to the targets without relying upon interruptable radio links.

2. We have better sensors today than in the Sixties. Radars can now look over the horizon. And the last generation has seen the evolution of infra-red sensors that can detect and report the heat of a rocket engine or the trail of heat caused by the friction of a missile hurtling through the atmosphere. Infra-red sensors are much less easily jammed or fooled than radar.

Together, the computers and sensors vastly improve the chances of endoatmospheric intercepts, and the upgraded accuracy and reliability make a non-nuclear kill by high explosives or even direct impact ("kinetic") a practical possibility. (Not that anyone minds using nukes to kill nukes, but having lots of bombs bursting complicates the defense.) However, infra-red is blocked by clouds, so the sensors must be in the stratosphere, or higher.

3. While ABM was being developed, the world was astounded when the USSR put a grapefruit-sized object in orbit. Now tons easily go into space, and the cost is rapidly dropping. We already have orbiting ICBM launch detection, which spots the plume of the rocket coming up, and we can anticipate space-based BMD that can kill missiles during their slow, visible, and vulnerable boost phase.

4. The last generation has also experienced the swift development of directed-energy technology. Instead of using energy to propel a missile at another missile, we can now think of directing the energy itself—at the speed of light—to burn or mangle the missile with lasers, particle beams, or even the focusing of radiation from nuclear reactions.

These last two lead to the concept of space-based anti-missile battle stations—the well-publicized "star wars."

Wouldn't that lead the arms race into space?
The German V-2 ballistic missile led the arms race into space in 1944. Can't think of a better place for the arms race than space, and can't imagine a better nuclear war than one where no one gets hurt.

Could not an enemy attack these space systems?
Probably, but they can also probably be defended, and if they cannot, think of them as a screen that gives warning of the attack, forces the enemy to waste weapons breaking the screen, and triggers the counterattack. A good offense will still be a good defense, and the enemy's weapons can also be hit before the boost phase, while they are still on the ground—counterforce.

But will this new technology work?
Some of it already works. The rest shows great promise. The only sure way to find out is to prove it by enemy attack. We would rather not surely know if it will work. Only skilled technicians with access to classified informa-

*For the record, two senators voted against SALT ratification: James L. Buckley (C.-R., N.Y.) and Ernest F. Hollings (D., S.C.).

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tion are qualified to estimate performance, and the most knowledgeable are the most enthusiastic.

But will the cost be prohibitive?
The costs are conjectural at this time. The ground-based BMD systems seem to be within the same range as major weapons systems—in the tens of billions. The space-based systems are up in the air. And the costs cannot be entirely laid on BMD because the same technologies have other uses. Laser research, for example, has wide military and civil applications.

But is not BMD a violation of the SALT treaty?
Depends. The SALT treaty is more porous than the thinnest BMD system. We may now deploy one hundred interceptors in South Dakota. We may do any amount of research and development, testing, and stockpiling. Because SALT only restricts strategic defense, we can develop and deploy tactical defense of ships and overseas bases, and such anti-tactical-missile (ATM) systems could be redeployed to North America in a crisis. We can also build anti-aircraft systems capable of dealing with hyperspeed, high-altitude targets—such as the U.S. Patriot system. SALT limits ABM radars, but says nothing about infra-red sensors; it limits interceptors, but is silent about directed-energy weapons. SALT is already obsolete.

Anyway, international treaties are obeyed insofar as each of the signatories considers it to be in its interests.

What are the arms-control implications of strategic defense?
The objectives of arms control were laid out by a team of Harvard and MIT professors a generation ago:

1. To reduce the risk of war.
2. To reduce the damage of war.
3. To save money.

BMD reduces the risk of war by dissuading attack by an aggressive power. Obviously BMD reduces the damage of war. BMD will almost certainly not save money.

Also, strategic defense eases offensive-arms negotiations because the defense is a safety net against cheating, so negotiators need not be as tough-minded about verification.

What are the Soviets doing in strategic defense?
The Soviets are doing what the Americans are doing, only more so. Like us, they have concentrated on conventional weaponry for Eurasia and on strategic offense. But they have taken strategic defense more seriously than we have: Their air-defense apparatus is very large; their civil-defense program is considerably more ambitious than ours; they seem to match us in passive defense of land-based strategic forces (however, their strategic submarines are not as good). They have kept and upgraded the "Galosh" ABM complex around Moscow, and official intelligence leaks suggest that they are pressing the SALT treaty to its limits, if not slightly beyond. There is a suspicious radar net, and they are working on ATM.

The Soviets seem to be behind us in computers and in infra-red technology, about the same in lasers, almost certainly ahead in particle beams, and stronger but less sophisticated in space.

Some people claim to fear a Soviet "breakout"—the unmasking of an effective BMD system in time of crisis. Another way to interpret the intelligence reports is that the Soviets are being commendably sensible.

What about the effects of strategic defense on our allies?
A possible retreat into a Fortress America posture does worry them. And they have understandably been averse to being a battlefield, nuclear or conventional, so they have been loath to face up to any type of war short of a total and improbable superpower exchange. But they are already beginning to realize that a more secure America would be a more reliable support.

What about the American public?
Public-opinion polls reveal that a majority of the American people believe that the U.S. already has a ballistic-missile defense. (One hopes that this is the same majority that does not vote.) We would have a system already deployed except for the agitation by a small but vocal and highly placed anti-defense lobby that has succeeded in making fashionable the pernicious doctrine that international security is promoted by common vulnerability, which assumes that all powers could endure such a permanent threat without breaking under the strain or breaking out to useful superiority.

What about the morality of strategic defense?
One would think that no policy could be more moral than defenses that hurt no one and might save hundreds of millions of lives. □

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Muammar el-Qaddafi.

Think of the pain you'll circumvent,
The heartache and the loss; it
Will disappear when you present
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All those you meet will bow and scrape
Before your new cosmetics.
Why follow Nature, like an ape,
When you can have synthetics?

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—Miles David Moore

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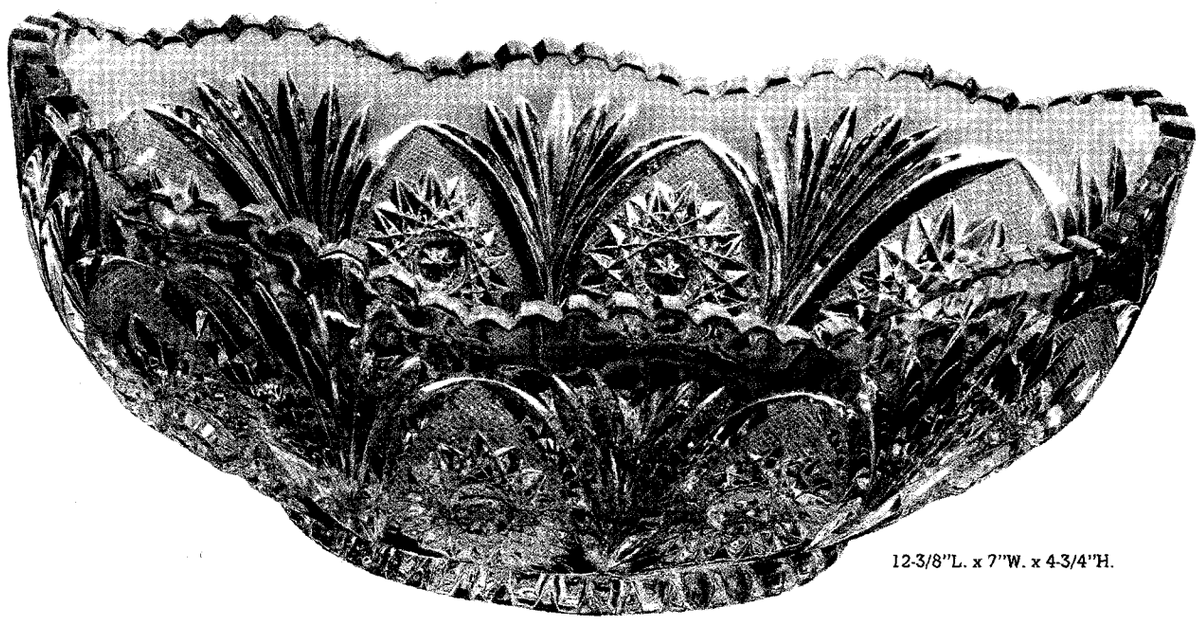

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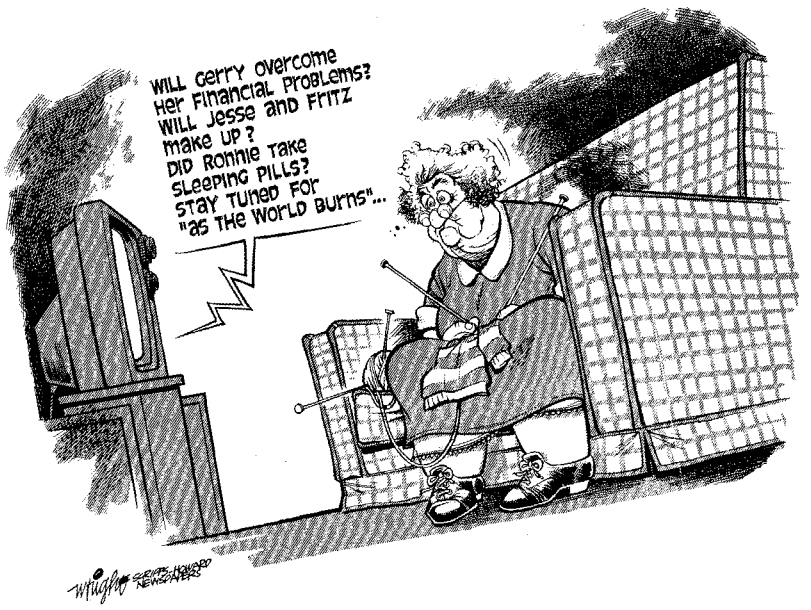
"Must you play 'war'? Can't you play 'détente' and 'diplomacy'?"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YOU ARE?
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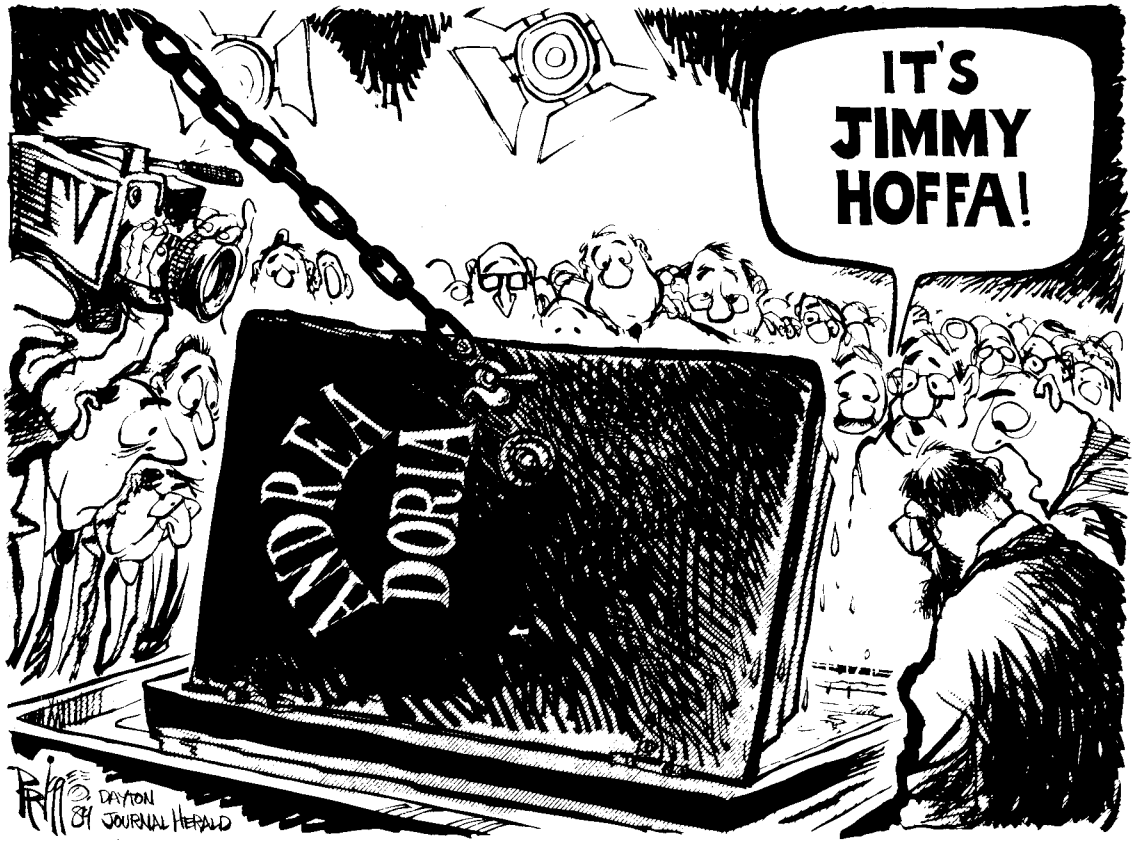

Richard Burton: In Memoriam

So rare
an instrument,
the organ in his throat,
its music charmed with every tone
and note.

—Gloria A. Maxson

"If it takes one to know one, and you're not one, then how do you ever know if you know one?"

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FOURTEEN MURDERED MEN HAUNT EL JEFE

SIX HUNDRED FEET below the streets of Mexico City an enormous network of conduits, some of them as large as subway tunnels, helps protect the city from the disastrous floods that have plagued it at intervals over nearly five centuries.

Nothing at street level betrays the existence of this deep drainage system except for an unobtrusive steel door here and there that gives access to the echoing labyrinth far below. Only city engineers, and the police, have keys to these *lumbreras*, or access ports.

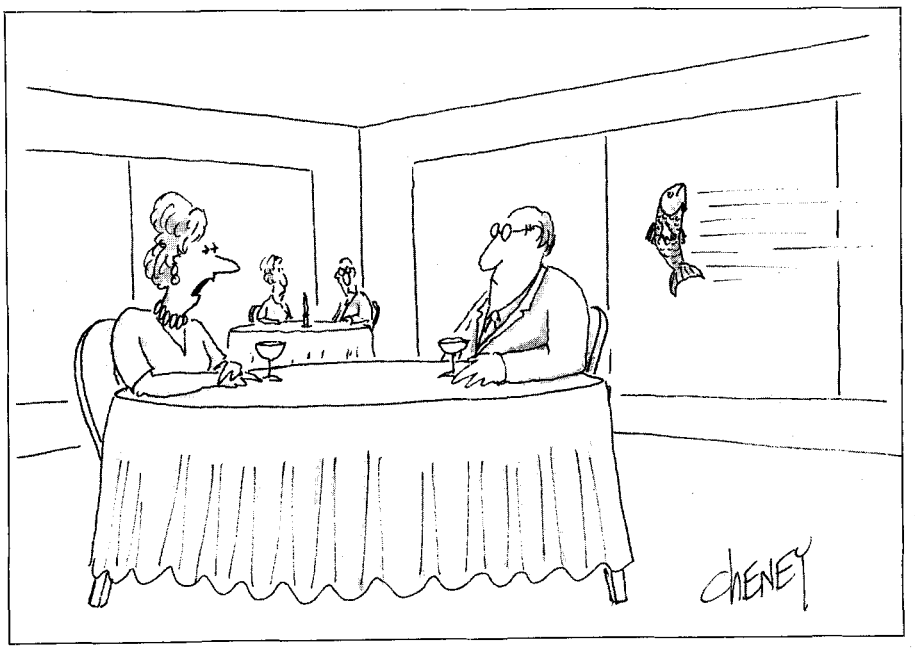
The torrential rains that lash the city on spring and summer afternoons send millions of gallons of water rushing through gratings all along the main streets and into the veins and arteries of the system. Great mains conduct the water to the northern outskirts of the city, where it is brought to the surface and dumped into the ancient *Gran Canal Desagua*, an open "black water" sewer first built in early colonial times. The combined flood then passes through a tunnel under the mountains that rim the 7,800-foot-high city and empties at last into the Tula River in the State of Mexico.

Many unappealing objects float down that fetid stream—dead livestock, discarded furniture, plastic sacks bulging strangely with unknowable contents; even an occasional human body causes no great surprise. But there was tremendous excitement among loiterers along the banks of the Tula one day in the first week of January 1982. They discovered one body, then another, and still more until a total of 14 had been fished out by a Red Cross rescue squad. All the bodies were those of young men. All bore signs of torture. And all had been shot in the back of the head. The crowd that quickly gathered stood in awed silence, staring at evidence of a monstrous crime.

Arturo Durazo Moreno—then chief of police in Mexico City and now a prisoner in Los Angeles awaiting extradition on charges of massive fraud in office—promptly took over the investigation. The territory where the bodies were recovered was outside his jurisdiction, but nobody protested audibly. *El Jefe* was a dangerous man to cross, known to be under the protection of his old friend, President José López Portillo, who was then at the height of his more than regal power. As the president had made clear on many occasions, Durazo could run his department precisely as he liked.

In sharp contrast to his alacrity in taking charge, Durazo's investigation proceeded at a snail's pace, and there was increasingly critical speculation as the days and weeks passed with few announced clues to the identity of the killers. Was the Chief really trying? One significant clue emerged. All but two of the murdered men wore clothing made in Colombia. But nobody admitted to knowing who they were. They had no police or immigration records in Mexico and almost certainly had entered the country illegally. But how? With whose help? Durazo theorized mendaciously to reporters that the men were the victims of a gang vendetta. Since nobody was making any fuss about their fate, he suggested the police let it go at that. The coroner was uncommunicative, and within a few days a thick cloak of *hermetismo* —official silence—had been wrapped around the case.

The media for the most part were understandably cautious. The greenest reporter on the police beat knew that the police department under Durazo was shot through with graft. A fixed share of the money patrolmen and inspectors extorted from the public in countless ways had to be passed up the line, as it had always been in Mexico, but in much greater quantity than ever before. A traffic cop on a busy corner who failed to raise his weekly



"Here comes your tuna surprise."

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quota faced transfer to "Siberia" or outright discharge.

Meanwhile, under Durazo there were many new and more sinister sources of police income. Rumors about the activities of the Division for the Investigation and Prevention of Delinquency (DIPD) circulated in every newspaper city room. Especially feared was the "Jaguar Squad," which engaged in kidnappings for ransom; the torture of innocent citizens held, bound and blindfolded, for days on end in secret jails; bank and payroll robberies by off-duty police experts in security measures; and outright murders that went unreported and unsolved. Such killings were almost invariably done on orders "from above." There were nervous jokes among the newsmen that the DIPD's initials really stood for Division for the Instigation and Practice of Delinquency.

Fully aware as they were of the predatory nature of their lawless police, most reporters sought by silence to lessen their chances of joining the Colombians in the Tula. Even so, some of them reported that the lethal bullets recovered in the autopsies were police bullets, and Manuel Buendía, a columnist for the leading daily, *Excélsior*, said flatly that the killings were the work of the police, and probably of the DIPD. Buendía was recently gunned down, gangland fashion, on a Mexico City street. That murder seems likely to remain, officially, unsolved.

An apparent break in the Tula murders came early when Estela Pérez de Magallón told police that her son, Armando, a taxi driver, had been hired by some "Colombian tourists" on a weekly basis because of his expert knowledge of the city's streets. This nugget of information was expanded into the suggestion that the Colombians were *guerrilleros* engaged in bank robberies—"expropriations," in terrorist jargon—to finance their revolution back home. Armando had confided all this to his mother to account for the large sums of money his new friends hid at times in her house. Mrs. Magallón had not seen her son since June 8, 1981, a date all too well known to the DIPD, as it later turned out. Her fear that Armando might have been killed along with the others was confirmed by a trip to the morgue. Four days later police under the command of one Rudy invaded her house and confiscated a million pesos (then about $8,000) after a destructive search. Mrs. Magallón complained of this to Colonel Francisco Sahagún Baca, director of the DIPD. He returned the money to her, and paid for Armando's funeral. Maybe his conscience bothered him.

Durazo was busy during the final months of President López Portillo's reign cultivating other friends in high places whose influence might come in handy. He gave various government officials expensive gifts and important privileges and immunities. His generosity extended beyond the border: Police chiefs in several cities in the U.S. and Canada were pleased to find a stack of gold coins on their desks after their jovial guest had departed. *El Jefe* kept careful records of his benefactions.

Nevertheless, Durazo was nervous, and when Miguel de la Madrid was sworn in as president of Mexico on December 1, 1982, the Chief was nowhere to be found. In skipping the country he had abandoned two multimillion-dollar estates then nearing completion, along with a rich tangle of other properties, including a warehouse full of furnishings smuggled in, the government charges, from Europe and the United States. Several of his close collaborators in the police department, including Colonel Sahagún Baca, anticipated or followed his example and fled abroad.

Catalogue of Crimes

One of de la Madrid's first official acts was to abolish the DIPD. About half its three thousand members were assigned other jobs in the police department. Some of the others got jobs with state or local police forces, some went to work as bodyguards for prominent politicians, while others became full-time criminals, "something of a terrorist state within the state," as the *Mexico City News* reported, a modern Camorra.

For the next two years the Tula River case remained dormant. Then, in November 1983, José González González—a *gatillero*, or gunman, who had become Durazo's right-hand man and bodyguard, and a lieutenant colonel of police—published a sensational book entitled *The Black Record of Blackie Durazo*. The book—which accused Durazo of an appalling catalogue of crimes, featuring most prominently the collection of colossal sums in graft of many kinds, but also including drug dealing, white slavery, and mass murder—quickly became a best-seller. In it González not only confirmed all the worst rumors about the DIPD, but provided names, dates, and amounts for many "unsolved" cases.

There were editorial demands that González be brought to trial for his admitted complicity in many police crimes, but the government was curiously—or perhaps not so curiously—inert. The book was a minefield, and investigation of the charges might blow up in many official faces. Better to disparage the book as the work of a disgruntled crook with an axe to grind against his old boss.

The charges made by González in a chapter entitled "*El Caso de los Muertos del Río Tula*" were that:

—Colonel Sahagún Baca, with Durazo's complicity, directed the operations of the South American robbers, who had entered the country illegally, probably with his help.

—The Tula group, which was one of three of its kind, accumulated at least 180 million pesos (then about $1.5 million) from bank holdups alone in its final months of activity.

—Durazo and Sahagún decided to torture the robbers and take their loot.

—Having succeeded in that, they determined to kill them all to eliminate the risk that the robbers might, if picked up later by other police, reveal their close connection with the DIPD.

—Mrs. Magallón, looking over photos of DIPD agents in Colonel González's office, identified three of them as frequent visitors to her house as guests of her son and the robbers.

—The bodies of the murdered men bore unmistakable signs of the kind of torture customarily practiced by the DIPD.

These charges, apparently ignored by Mexican authorities at the time, were dramatically confirmed and amplified in gruesome detail on July 31, 1984, when 12 former members of the Jaguar Squad of the DIPD gave their sworn testimony in Mexico City's 27th Criminal Court. The 12 were rounded up along with several others, apparently by Interpol, and are being held on kidnapping charges.

Manuel Angulo Moneda, former

Mr. Lake writes frequently for NR *about Mexican affairs.*

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group commander of the Jaguars, told Judge Roberto Villalobos Gallardo that everybody in police headquarters, from Durazo on down, was involved to some extent in the slaughter of the bank robbers, "in order to keep the 150 million pesos in loot the gang had taken in bank holdups in Guadalajara and Zamora in 1981."

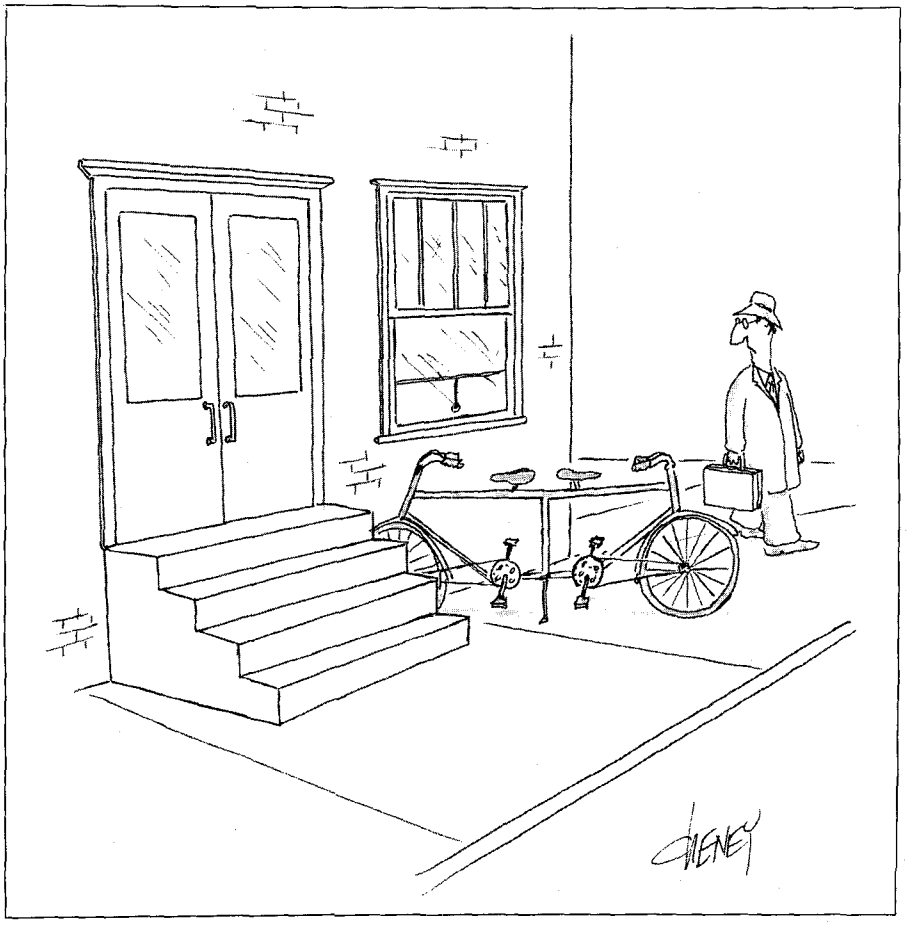
He also testified that all group commanders of the Jaguar unit collaborated with plainclothes cops in the DIPD in the kidnappings and extortions they practiced. Colonel Sahagún Baca handled the division of the spoils, with the lion's share going to Durazo.

The Colombians were betrayed and arrested by their police accomplices on June 8, 1981, the day Armando Magallón disappeared, and were held for seven months, usually blindfolded and bound, in the psychiatric ward of a Mexico City prison. Juan Alberto Antolín Lozano, director of the ward, testified that he was present when Sahagún Baca, on instructions from Durazo, ordered Jaguar group leader Rodolfo Resendiz Rodríguez (the "Rudy" of the raid on Mrs. Magallón's house) to "eliminate that bunch of Colombian crooks." Other former agents testified that their prisoners, still gagged, bound, and blindfolded, were smuggled out of the prison and taken to the site of the killing. Eight agents besides Rudy were identified by name as members of the execution squad.

Will He Talk?

THAT MAY not have been the only massacre of its kind carried out by the Jaguars. Judge Villalobos said the river had yielded up the remains of 87 probable murder victims. Many additional warrants are out for present and former police, he added. Other officials said the request for Durazo's extradition would be reinforced by a host of graver charges growing out of the Jaguars' confessions.

It is interesting, if futile, to speculate on the emotions of Durazo as he sits in his Los Angeles jail cell, his criminal empire in ruins, his ill-gotten fortune evaporating before his eyes, his only comfort the knowledge that his current captors will not use his own lethal methods to see that he does not drag highly placed Mexican politicians down with him in his ruin. But somebody else might. The anxious question in many a government bureau right now is: Will he talk?



Because the Mexican government speaks out self-righteously in behalf of human rights in non-Communist countries, provides sanctuary for revolutionaries, gives comfort to the Cuban and Nicaraguan dictatorships, and routinely denounces Chile and South Africa and sometimes Israel, it has long enjoyed almost complete immunity from criticism of its notoriously corrupt and sadistic police. Even before Durazo, some leading citizens, outraged by the lawlessness of a police force that preys on the public it is paid to protect, had remarked that the country might be better off with no police at all; then, at least, every man would be free to defend himself.

In the light of the explosive evidence of anarchy and pervasive rot contained in the Durazo case, the Mexican government cannot safely delay any longer the sweeping moral renewal promised by President de la Madrid. It seems plain that only such a renewal, starting with the cops and reaching into every level of government where the evidence leads, can put that afflicted country back on the road toward civic and economic regeneration.

There is a final point in all this: The government of the United States has a lot to answer for in the Durazo case. On January 29, 1971, a federal grand jury in Miami indicted Durazo on three counts of conspiracy to import cocaine, with accomplices in Miami and San Antonio. An order for his arrest was issued by Judge Joseph Eaton of the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of Florida on February 2, 1971, and on April 21 Durazo was declared a fugitive from justice. Mexican government officials were notified of all three actions.

During López Portillo's campaign for the presidency of Mexico, his government asked the American Embassy if there was derogatory information against Durazo. The reply was decisive: Durazo was wanted on multiple drug charges, and would be arrested if he set foot in the United States. Yet on August 17, 1976, shortly before President-elect López Portillo's visit with President Gerald Ford, the charges against Durazo were dropped and the entire file (76-43-Cr-JE-1) was sent to dead storage in the government's archive in Atlanta, Georgia. López Portillo then appointed Arturo Durazo to the highest police post in Mexico. □

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TAXING THE MIDDLE CLASS

"Let's tell the truth. . . . Mr. Reagan will raise taxes, and so will I. He won't tell you. I just did."
—Walter Mondale, San Francisco, July 19

"We intend to simplify the entire tax system; to make taxes more fair, easier to understand, and, most important, to bring the tax rates of every American further down, not up."
—Ronald Reagan, Dallas, August 23

WALTER MONDALE'S promise to raise our taxes and thereby relieve us of our supposed anxiety about budget deficits was one of the strangest and most unexpected developments in recent political life. It is, surely, unprecedented for a major political party to campaign on a promise to intercept a greater proportion of our paychecks and spend it for us. Mondale further suggested that President Reagan had a secret plan to raise our taxes. This too was strange. How can you *accuse* someone of planning to do what you are *promising* to do?

Mondale was in a muddle here, no doubt accounting for the momentary stunned silence in the San Francisco convention hall after he said, "I just did." His aides had undoubtedly been spending too much time reading *New York Times* and *Washington Post* editorials. In the past three years the two papers combined have published several hundred editorials calling for tax increases—always for "pragmatic," never ideological, reasons. (Oh, the economy would function so much better, inflation would be lower, employment would be higher, interest rates lower, and so on.) I suppose the Mondale aides must simply have believed all this nonsense, and perhaps really do imagine that the American people are looking forward to a lower deficit courtesy of lower take-home pay.

Several of Reagan's top aides have seen things very much the same way, of course, having repeatedly pressed their boss to raise taxes in the past three years. (And he has proven malleable: There have been four tax increases in the past two and a half years.) When Mondale gave his acceptance speech, Budget Director David Stockman and Chief of Staff James Baker were laying the groundwork for a fifth tax hike next year, according to more than one report.

Time magazine in its August 20 issue recorded the following reaction by an anonymous "White House aide" to Mondale's remarks about taxes: "He really stuck it to us. It was brilliant. We look terrible." Now, does that sound like the reaction of someone who intends to *lower* taxes? Or is it the reaction of someone caught *in flagrante*? The point to notice about Mondale's remarks is that they were half right. But *Reagan* didn't have a secret plan to raise taxes. His aides did. And the secret was being kept, not from the American people, but from Reagan himself.

Supply-Siders' Delight

THAT IS why the supply-siders on Capitol Hill were so delighted with Mondale's comments. They knew that in the ensuing uproar, the tax-increase ambitions of Reagan's underlings would unavoidably be brought to the President's attention. He would promptly repudiate them (it was hoped) and even reverse them by promising a tax cut.

In the event, this latter promise did not fully materialize, but Reagan did disavow any secret plan. The *Detroit News* reported the following response on Capitol Hill to the disavowal:

> House Speaker Tip O'Neill is enraged by President Reagan's denial that he has a secret plan to raise taxes next year. Why, the President's own aides have been running all over the place these last few months suggesting just the opposite. They didn't exactly come right out and say a tax increase would be necessary, concedes Speaker O'Neill, but you could tell what they meant by the "winks and nods" they were giving out when the question came up.

One of the main reasons why there has been so much enthusiasm for raising taxes is that the 1981 tax cut has repeatedly been misrepresented as "massive," and even "irresponsible," when in truth it was neither. And this in turn has fed the widespread misperception that the current budget deficit was caused by the tax cut. (In fact spending rose rapidly as a percentage of GNP in fiscal years 1981 to 1984, and that was the true culprit.)

The sad truth is that for the entire middle class, the income-tax-rate reductions enacted in 1981 have been completely offset by bracket creep and the Social Security tax increases signed into law by Presidents Carter (1977) and Reagan (1983): Both measures included phased-in tax-increase provisions. Despite the indexing of tax brackets due to take effect in January 1985, these phased-in Social Security tax increases ensure that, under current law, a full eight-year Reagan Presidency will have been a period of tax *increases* for middle-class Americans.

My source for this is an October 1983 Treasury Department study of recent tax changes. In view of its principal finding, it is not surprising that neither President Reagan nor the Secretary of the Treasury has said anything about it. The study compared the 1981 to 1988 federal tax liability of a family of four (at income levels ranging from $15,000 to $40,000) with its 1980 tax liability, that liability expressed as a percentage of income. Assume, in other words, that a family paid a certain percentage of its income in taxes in 1980. Then adjust that income upward each year for inflation, and add into your calculations a) the 1981 tax cut, b) subsequent Social Se-

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curity tax increases, and c) bracket creep. Question: Does that family end up paying a lower percentage of its income in taxes than it paid in 1980, or a higher percentage? Answer, in the words of the Treasury study:

> Bracket creep, due to inflation, and payroll-tax increases scheduled under the 1977 and 1983 Social Security amendments wipe out all of the personal-income-tax reductions in the Economic Recovery Tax Act across a wide range of income families. Even the full three years of marginal-tax-rate reductions followed by indexing are not enough to provide tax relief. . . . Under current law, families end up paying a higher percentage of their income to the government than in 1980. Without the third year and indexing, the tax increases would be much sharper.

In 1985, for example, the tax burden of a $15,000 family will be up by $80, and that of a $40,000 family will be up by $168.

What Tax Cut?

INDEPENDENT AND methodologically quite different studies by the Tax Foundation and the Urban Institute show similar results. According to the Tax Foundation, the after-tax income of the median-income family declined from $10,282 in 1980 to an estimated $10,175 in 1984. (Both figures are expressed in 1974 dollars, when the median after-tax income was $10,976.) Moreover, direct federal taxes on the median-income family increased (in current dollars) from $3,405 in 1980 to $4,150 in 1984.

According to the Urban Institute report, which was released shortly before the Republican National Convention in August, increases in Social Security taxes, bracket creep, and state and local taxes left the average family paying out 26.3 per cent of its income in taxes in 1984 compared with 25.9 per cent in 1980.

The August 16 *Washington Post* took time out from its persistent editorializing against the "massive" Reagan tax cut to comment on the Urban Institute data: "The hard-working, wage-earning middle-middle class—statistically the middle fifth of all American families ranked by income—has drawn no visible benefit from Reagan economic policy. Average family income in that middle fifth, after inflation and after taxes, has risen less than 1 per cent since 1980." Yet on the same day, on the Op-Ed page, the misleading Hobart Rowen complained once more about Reagan's "huge tax cuts" —no doubt out of habit.

In his acceptance speech in Dallas, Reagan seemed to contradict these unpalatable findings when he said: "Today, a working family earning $25,000 has about $2,900 more in purchasing power than if tax and inflation rates were still at the 1980 level." It is the last few words there that are misleading. They posit the high inflation rate of 1980 (12.4 per cent) continuing unchecked for four years. This would indeed have produced a rate of bracket creep that the country fortunately was spared. In fact, according to the Treasury study, a family currently earning $22,000 will by next year enjoy a net tax cut of *one dollar*, compared with 1980.

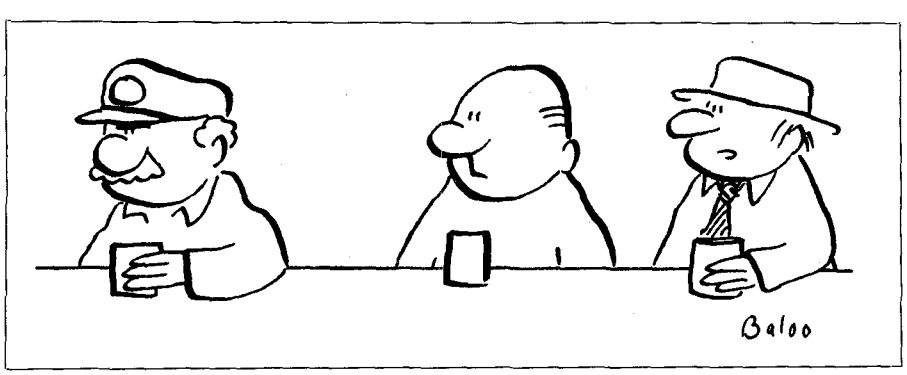
Of course, we should not in all of this lose sight of the important point that the income-tax cut we really did experience in 1981—the reduction of the top rate on "unearned" income from 70 to 50 per cent—was extremely important: It encouraged dynamic effects not captured by the above statistics. It permitted the current recovery, and in particular it encouraged upward mobility—the movement from one job to a better (higher-paying) one. But for those who stayed in the same job, with their incomes adjusted only for inflation, the 1981 tax cut and the subsequent tax increases were the fiscal equivalent of treading water.

There is thus an uncomfortable kernel of truth to the charge that the Reagan tax cut "helped the rich." In one important sense it did help all, because it encouraged everyone to *become* rich. But for those with no such ambition, or no such capacity, their tax burden has not been reduced in the Reagan years.

As the Post *Counsels . . .*

IT FOLLOWS that if he is re-elected, the most important domestic-policy task facing Reagan will be reform of the tax code, with particular reference to alleviating the tax burden (by lowering the rates) on his most loyal supporters—the middle class. This will be an exceedingly difficult task and it will only be accomplished if the President presses for it as eagerly as he did for the 1981 tax cut. Tax reform will be bitterly and strenuously opposed by numerous groups: by the news media, which increasingly resemble a lobbying group for domestic socialism; by the Democrats, who undoubtedly recognize that real assistance for the middle class will ensure a generation of Republican rule; by (I fear) some of Reagan's top aides, who seem unalterably persuaded that what is good for America, and for Reagan and his "place in history," is whatever the *Washington Post* counsels on the subject; and finally by the dreaded special interests, who recognize that the current loopholes channeling economic activity in their direction will be ineffective if marginal tax rates are lowered sufficiently.

The real-estate lobby, of course, is the best-known example of this, but here's another one showing how some people love a complex tax code. At Senate Finance Committee tax hearings recently, the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants argued against any change in the tax structure, claiming that tax changes aimed at simplifying the system are themselves complex and not yet fully understood. "Let the rules take hold" before any change is made, the CPAs said. Who will need a CPA to help prepare tax returns, after all, if we have a simple flat tax? □



"He thinks J.R. was really shot by the Trilateral Commission."

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Gentlemen:

This isn't a letter to the editor, I just wanted to tell you that National Review has been a surprise to me. I got my first copy on a newsstand when I saw Solzhenitsyn's name on the cover. I was only vaguely aware of what National Review was because I read Bill Buckley but of course I knew Solzhenitsyn, and his speech in that issue [The Templeton Address, NR July 27 --Ed.] was great. Then I read your article on Walter Mondale and I thought that was pretty good too. Anyway I ended up reading the whole thing and subscribing. Now I wish I had known about it before because you really do have a different point of view from my usual stuff. I admit I don't agree with it all, but it is different and I like the funny items and appreciate the Buckley columns which I don't see very often anymore in the [Washington] Post (and when they do run them they look like they're only about half as long as yours anyway). Just thought I'd let you know that you're doing a good job, at least for a reader who spends most of his days glazed-eyed over government documents.

B. Tobin
Washington, D. C.

We'll admit we don't get many letters like the above—nor does our new friend put the case for NR exactly as we would ourselves—still, he makes a great point: NR is different, and it's well worth getting regularly. So if you don't yet have your own personal subscription, why not use the card facing this page now? It will bring you the next 15 valuable issues for just $14.95 (saving you a full $7.55 over the newsstand price). And *now* is the best time to have NR—with the '84 presidential battles already in full swing, you shouldn't miss a single installment of NR's unique reporting and inside information.

So fill out and mail the card facing this page right now (before you get distracted). You'll be glad you did—and so, of course, will we—many thanks!

P.S.: you can also use the card to send NR to somebody you know who should be reading it.

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OF FRONT-RUNNERS' BACKS AND BEHINDS

FANTASTIC.

The Brian Mulroney landslide taxes one's database of superlatives. Canada has never seen its like.

Consider.

In the 1980 election, the Tories got 103 seats (out of 282) with 33 per cent of the popular vote. This time they won 211 seats, amassing 50 per cent of the vote.

In 1980, the Liberals won 147 seats, with 44 per cent of the vote. This time they staggered home with just forty seats, and 28 per cent of the vote. The socialist New Democratic Party lost two of its 32 seats, and its vote fell from 20 to 18 per cent.

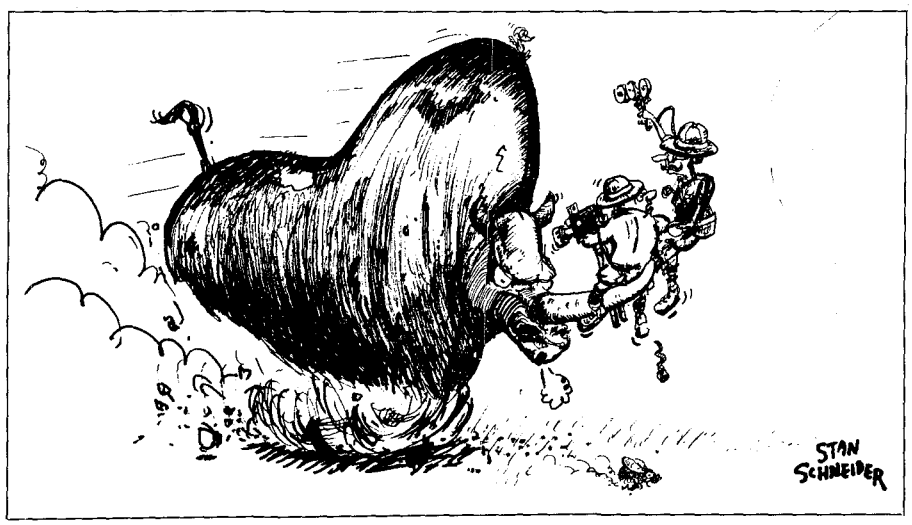
Only once in three generations have the Tories carried Quebec, which has 27 per cent of the seats in Parliament. In 1980 they won just one seat, the Liberals taking the other 74. This time the Tories swept 58 seats, taking ridings the Liberals had won by 3 to 1 margins in 1980.

When Liberal Prime Minister John Turner called the election in July, he had a nine-point lead in the polls, good enough for another in a long string of Liberal national victories. A month later he was 11 points behind.

Behinds had something to do with this astonishing reversal. Turner is an ex-jock, and he's always been a squeezer and patter. When he patted the firm buttocks of Liberal President Iona Campagnolo, she flared, ostentatiously patting him back.

Within earshot of reporters, Turner bridled: "Now you've felt the perfect ass." Within days that's what he had become, as phrases like "bum rap" entered the political discourse. A Tory candidate in Montreal captivated reporters with a suggested slogan for the Liberals: "Let's win this one for the Gripper."

Mr. Coxe is NR*'s Canadian correspondent.*



"I say—National Geographic *never mentioned this!"*

Turner suffered widespread derision for more than a week without backing down. Finally, facing a two-hour TV debate organized by feminist groups —a debate entirely on women's issues —he came up with an apology. But the man who swept to the Liberal leadership as a dazzling, somewhat remote figure of authority had become the butt of a thousand jokes.

Turner might yet have come from behind had his predecessor, Pierre Trudeau, not stabbed him in the back. The two men had been cool to each other for years, and Trudeau was furious that the Turner campaign was based largely on repudiation of key Trudeau-era policies, including the National Energy Program.

When Turner met with Trudeau to take over from him as Prime Minister and head of the Liberal Party, Trudeau insisted that Turner make a series of patronage appointments of prominent Trudeau loyalists. Some of the postings—to judgeships and the Senate —weren't individually that awful, although the across-the-board grouping was bound to attract fire. But naming a scandal-ridden MP as ambassador to Portugal violated all previous Canadian precedent. Turner gave in—and gave away the election.

Turner had successfully presented himself as a new man of real ability and independent thinking who was right for the troubled Canadian economy. By agreeing to the patronage deal, he gave Mulroney the opening he desperately craved.

In the ensuing TV debate, Mulroney destroyed Turner on this issue. When Turner spluttered that he "had to make the appointments," Mulroney summed up Turner's response as, "The Devil made me do it." Furthermore, Mulroney cited the Trudeaucrats in the newminted Turner cabinet as proof that "the same old gang" was still in power. Canadians outside Quebec couldn't stomach another term of Trudeauism; they swung to the Tories.

Within Quebec, the departure of Trudeau exposed the desuetude in the Liberal organization. Mulroney had devoted a year to campaigning in Quebec, relying on his background as an electrician's son from the St. Lawrence town of Baie Comeau to reassure Que-

(Continues on page 61)

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THE FRIEDMAN PROBLEM

IN RE "The Friedman Problem" raised by William Rickenbacker in his review of our book *Tyranny of the Status Quo* [July 27], herewith a few relevant quotes from others of my writings:

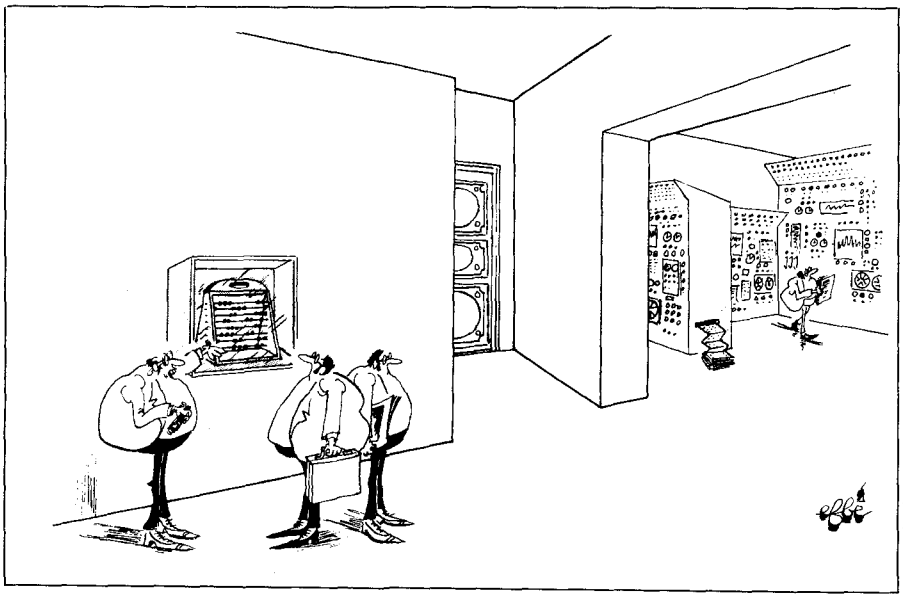
1. "An alternative way to eliminate governmental intervention that . . . has merit is . . . to keep currency issue as a government monopoly, but to permit 'free' deposit banking, without any requirements about reserves, or supervision over assets or liabilities, and with a strict *caveat emptor* policy. . . . Such a system would avoid one social cost of the 100 per cent reserve system—the prohibition of some arrangements among individuals that they find mutually advantageous. It would not, however, solve the problem of 'inherent instability' " (*A Program for Monetary Stability*, Fordham University Press, 1959, p. 108).

2. "I approve of Professor Hayek's proposal to remove restrictions on the issuance of private moneys to compete with government moneys. But I do not share his belief about the outcome. . . . The advantage of a single national currency unit buttressed by long tradition will, I suspect, serve to prevent any other type of private currency unit from seriously challenging the dominant government currency, and this despite the high degree of monetary variability many countries have experienced over recent decades" ("Monetary Policy for the 1980s," in *To Promote Prosperity*, edited by John H. Moore, Hoover Institution Press, 1984, p. 47).

With respect to the Scottish banking system that Rickenbacker offers as a model, the obligations of those Scottish banks were all redeemable in specie. Redeemability in specie, not the institutional features of the banking system, determined the total quantity of money in Scotland. As a result, that system is not an alternative to either a specie standard or a constitutional rule limiting the quantity of money.

In answer to Bill Rickenbacker's final question, "Or am I missing something?" the answer is yes. Limiting the quantity of money, and competition in providing financial services, are two different problems. The attempt to link them via the real-bills doctrine is a fallacy even more ancient than the Scottish free banking system.

Sincerely yours,
Milton Friedman



"And here's where it all began . . ."

Mr. Rickenbacker Replies

IN CALLING for government monopoly on the issuance of currency, Milton Friedman exhibits the bias that I still have not been able to understand: his presumption, in this one case, in favor of government monopoly and against free markets. In criticizing the "inherent instability" of unregulated banking, he shows that bias again; for instability is the distinguishing feature of free markets, and why should he so ably explain and promote the virtues of supply-demand fluctuations in all markets but one?

I don't think it's quite accurate to say that "redeemability" "determined the total quantity of money" in Scotland under the free banking system; banks issued notes, there were occasional overissues, and rescue operations were conducted efficiently; i.e., the supply of money in all forms fluctuated far more jauntily than the supply of specie.

A "constitutional rule limiting the quantity of money" is a very powerful governmental intervention; I don't understand how Professor Friedman can say a free-market banking and money system is "not an alternative"; he has raised two generations of us to hold that the free market is the one great alternative to government coercion.

Finally, calling the Scottish banking experience an example of the "real-bills doctrine . . . a fallacy even more ancient" doesn't *make* it a fallacy. Professor Friedman should explain why the Scottish banking system functioned so well, for more than a century, completely independent of any governmental regulation. □

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ABROAD

KHARTOUM *Fundament*

Islamic fundamentalism threatens the peace and perhaps the existence of the Sudan, Africa's largest state and an important ally of the United States in the eastern half of the continent. President Gaifar el Nimeiry, who made it possible for his country to recover from a savage civil war in 1972, is, ironically, responsible for the new situation. When the war ended, he promulgated a constitution that guaranteed religious liberty and some measure of autonomy to the partly Christian, partly animist southern Sudan, while retaining Moslem institutions for the northern two-thirds of the country. In recent months, Nimeiry has abolished the southern regional assembly and introduced Sharia law, which upholds fundamentalist Moslem practices such as the amputation of hands for stealing and stoning for adultery. Nimeiry has also tried to introduce a provision into the constitution requiring that the president of the Sudan be well versed in Islamic law and life, a condition that would naturally exclude any southerner. Besides the United States, the Sudan's other allies, Saudi Arabia and Egypt, are also concerned about the country's stability. Saudi Arabia is sensitive to the growth of Moslem fundamentalism anywhere, especially in the Horn of Africa. And Egypt is automatically affected by events in the Sudan because of its position astride the whole upper Nile valley.

PYONGYANG *Thinker-in-Chief*

The world's most absolute Communist dictator, Kim Il-sung, ruler of North Korea, has decided, at 72, to start transferring power to his son, 42-year-old Kim Jong-il. The process is expected to take four years. The country's new "Thinker-in-Chief" has already taken on some of the titles of his father, notably "Generous Father of the People," as well as having succeeded him as commander of the armed forces. An article in the official newspaper, *Rodong Sinmun*, said the dynastic transition was required by "the importance of powerful Party leadership." After praising the father's leadership, the paper went on to say that "Our Party's authority is today unprecedentedly high, thanks to the energetic activities of dear Comrade Jong-il, who is effecting a new turn in the building and activities of the Party."

ROME *As Romans Did*

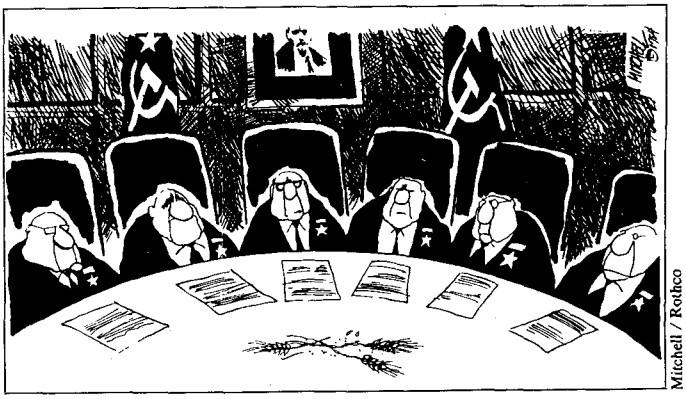
The ultimate challenge in urban preservation and restoration throughout the ages has been the city of Rome, and now its modern fathers are confronting what is said to be the last chance to save its ancient treasures. Both automobiles and air pollution have had a particularly damaging effect on the Eternal City. In order for Rome to survive, municipal authorities over the past hundred years had to devise a network of modern roads designed for high-volume traffic, and these have inevitably destroyed or interfered with the city's monumental and architectural history. Air pollution in its turn has eaten away at the marble, stone, and brick used from imperial times on down. The new plan, drawn up six years ago by the Office for Overseeing Ancient Monuments, has a double goal: to save and restore the old, and to reorganize Rome's urban space so that it can function as a modern capital. The plan is naturally complicated and will take years to implement, but already some of its grand lines are clear, especially as regards the heart of classical Rome, the area comprising the various forums between the Colosseum and the Capitoline Hill. A first step would be the putting together of these forums, and the restoration of existing sections of them, such as the markets of Trajan's Forum. The plan also calls for the suppression of the modern boulevard called the Via dei Fori Imperiali, the wide road, well known to visitors, which connects the Piazza Venezia and the Colosseum. This step would make possible the creation of an "archaeological park" to include the forums of Augustus, Julius Caesar, Trajan, and Nerva with their assorted ruins of temples, markets, theaters, and baths. The Italian parliament voted authorization of the first stage of this plan in 1981 and furnished preliminary credits for work near the Capitol and in the Baths of Diocletian. The entire project is too far-reaching for a realistic timetable at this stage.

LONDON *Nobody's Fault*

British restaurateurs are accusing the new Michelin "Red Guide" to dining in European cities of Gallic bias because most of the starred restaurants in it boast French cuisines. "It irritates me enormously that we should be subjected to such discrimination," said Ermanno Taverns, director of a number of London restaurants, none of which received a star. "The inspectors think nothing else exists besides French food." Retorts Michelin: "It would be completely wrong to say that we try to promote French cooking. If the best restaurants follow that style, that's not our fault."

PARIS *Steak and Water*

The ubiquitous dish of grilled steak and French-fried potatoes—*steak-frites*—is still the favorite meal of the French, according to a recent poll. But red wine, its traditional accompaniment, has been pushed off its pedestal: Only 16 per cent of French people over the age of 15 take red wine with their meals. According to the poll, 49 per cent prefer water; 13 per cent, soft drinks; 10 per cent, beer; 6 per cent, milk. Water or not, however, France remains the European country with the highest rate of alcoholism.



Mitchell / Rothco

"Then we're agreed, comrades. Despite this bountiful harvest from our state farms, we'll go to the aid of the starving American farmers and buy their inferior grain."

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SCOOP!

Sidney Zion

From Time Immemorial: The Origins of the Arab-Jewish Conflict over Palestine, by Joan Peters (Harper & Row, 601 pp., $24.95)

THIS BOOK is the intellectual equivalent of the Six-Day War. Indeed, if the pen is mightier than the sword, Joan Peters has done more to destroy Arab claims to Palestine than all the derring-do of the Israeli army since—well, if not from time immemorial, then at least from 1948 to the foreseeable future.

The Jews have an old joke—maybe not altogether a joke—that if Moses had turned right instead of left after leaving Egypt, look who'd have had all the oil. Mrs. Peters started left, her interest being the plight of the Arab refugees who, she assumed, had been ousted by the Zionists from Palestine, this homeland that had been theirs "from time immemorial." But the evidence, which she culled painstakingly and voraciously for seven years, turned her in the other direction. And she hit a gusher.

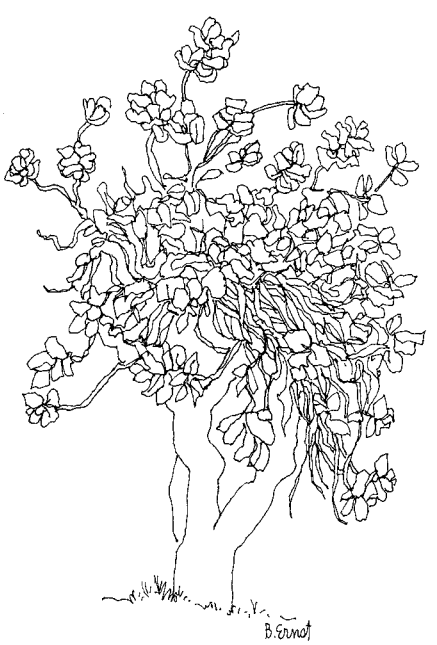
Everything she knew about Palestine—history, geography, demography, politics—fell before the facts that her research uncovered. Since what she knew, or rather what she possessed, was a received opinion delivered by that wondrous network of Middle East hands at State, dons across the River Charles, and the Anthony Lewis Brigade, what she found skewers nearly every myth dogging the Arab-Israeli conflict. It follows that a lot of important people are not going to like this book.

And why should they like it? What they want, what they have been plugging for years, is a Palestinian state or entity or homeland on the West Bank and in the Gaza district. Since they are reasonable people they base their case on the reasonable-sounding claim of the Palestinian Arabs: that they lived on their ancestral land for thousands of years until they were displaced by the Jews in the act of the creation of the State of Israel in 1948. And while surely Israel has a right to exist, she does not have the right to control the whole of Palestine, which she has done ever since the Six-Day War in 1967. Moreover, the Palestinian question lies at the heart of the Arab-Israeli problem, and its solution is the key to peace in the Middle East.

Comes now Mrs. Peters with her documents, her reports, her archives, her interminable footnotes. And she proves that:

1. Far from holding sovereignty over Palestine from time immemorial, Palestinian Arabs never ruled the land, and there was only an extraordinarily short period of time—a matter of decades—in the seventh century that *any* Arabs ruled Palestine.

2. The Arabs never gave a name to the land they now claim as their own.



The word "Palestine" was given to the land of Judaea by the Romans in an effort to humiliate the "stiff-necked" Jews and obliterate their presence from the Holy Land.

3. By the late nineteenth century, when the Jews began to return to settle the land, Palestine was a wasteland under Turkish rule. As Mark Twain reported from the scene: "Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes . . . desolate and unlovely."

4. The Jews restored the land and, in so doing, attracted the Arabs, who were no dummies: They saw the money and they showed. Far from displacing the Arabs, the Zionists drew them there. At the turn of the century, there were more Jews than Arabs in the parts of Western Palestine where the Jews had settled.

5. Palestine became a political entity for the first time in 1920, when the Allied governments conferred on Great Britain a "mandate" over the territory. It included the land on both sides of the Jordan River. This mandate was confirmed by the League of Nations in 1922, and it incorporated the Balfour Declaration of 1917, which promised a homeland in Palestine for the Jewish people.

6. A few months after the League confirmed the mandate, Colonial Secretary Winston Churchill worked out a "reasons of empire" deal that was to change the map of Palestine. Eastern

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Dan Dickinson is president of the Productivity Communication Center. His articles have appeared in Human Events, Industry Week, *and* Manage.

Thomas Mallon is a professor of English at Vassar College.

Francis X. Marnell is a practicing attorney in Cincinnati.

Sidney Zion is the author of Read All about It! The Collected Adventures of a Maverick Reporter, *published by Summit last year.*

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More September Titles: In *Techno-Bandits* (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95), Linda Melvern, David Hebditch, and Nick Anning use congressional findings, court testimony, and interviews to show that the Soviet Union has been making up for research-and-development deficiencies as best it can by stealing Western technology. The authors, who have much to say about the current impasse between the U.S. Government and the business and scientific communities, advocate tightened export controls and greater concentration on the problem by intelligence agencies. . . . *Washington: City of Scandals* (Little, Brown, $18.95), by Donald Lambro, lambastes Congress for having abdicated its role as monitor of an outrageously bloated government and issues a "report card" on the Reagan Administration's anti-waste efforts. . . . *Inside Hoover's FBI: The Top Field Chief Reports* (Doubleday, $17.95), by Neil J. Welch and David W. Marston, offers an interesting view-from-within of a major Washington bureaucracy. (Welch, now retired, formerly headed the FBI offices in New York, Philadelphia, and Detroit.)

James Boswell: The Earlier Years, 1740-1769 (McGraw-Hill, $24.95), by Frederick A. Pottle, is a reprint of the much-praised biography first published in 1966 and now reissued with a companion volume: *James Boswell: The Later Years, 1769-1795* (McGraw-Hill, $24.95), by Frank Brady, who, like Pottle, emphasizes the relationship between his subject's life and work. . . . *The Perspective of the World: Civilization and Capitalism, Fifteenth-Eighteenth Century* (Harper & Row, $35), by Fernand Braudel, completes the trilogy, by a distinguished French historian, that began with *The Structures of Everyday Life* and continued with *The Wheels of Commerce.*

What's to Become of the Boy? (Knopf, $11.95), by Heinrich Böll in a translation by Leila Vennewitz, is a memoir of the German novelist's adolescence.

Axel Madsen's *60 Minutes: The Power and the Politics* (Dodd, Mead, $16.95) concludes that Wallace, Reasoner, et al. are engaged more in entertainment than in journalism. —CW

Palestine, or Trans-Jordan, constituting 78 per cent of the land area of Palestine, was to be administered by the Hashemite Abdullah, grandfather of the present King Hussein. The Zionists agreed to a suspension of Jewish immigration to the East Bank on the promise from the British that they would eventually have Western Palestine to themselves. Of course, this never happened. Instead, Abdullah was crowned King of Trans-Jordan by the British, in total violation of the mandate, in 1946—only two years before Israel won independence. As a result of these maneuverings the world thinks of Jordan as an entity entirely separate from Palestine. Ergo, since 1967 the Israelis have occupied the "whole" of Palestine.

7. Almost from the outset of the mandate, the British undercut its principal raison d'être, the building of a homeland for the Jews. They did this by severely restricting Jewish immigration into Western Palestine, while encouraging illegal Arab immigration into those areas where the Jews were permitted to settle. The tragic climax of this policy was the White Paper of 1939, which barred virtually all Jewish immigration into the country and thus locked the European Jews in with their Nazi killers. The Palestinian Arabs, meanwhile, supported Hitler through the offices of the mufti of Jerusalem. The Palestinian Jews served in the British forces.

8. The number of Arabs who left Israel in 1948 was more than offset by the number of Jews who came to the new state from the surrounding Arab countries. It was an exchange of population—with a difference. The Jews in Arab nations had been treated like garbage from time immemorial and were kicked out the moment Israel was established. The Arabs in Palestine were nurtured by the British and armed by them. With few exceptions, those who left were exhorted to leave by their leaders, who fully expected that they would re-enter the country in a matter of days and "throw the Jews into the sea."

These are the basic points of this massive study, which consists of 412 pages of text and nearly two hundred pages of documentation—from records of the Ottoman Empire, the British archives, on-the-scene reports by scholars, historians, and journalists, and numerous interviews of officials and ordinary Arabs and Jews by Mrs. Peters herself.

The most remarkable thing about it all, the scariest thing, is that nearly everything in this book reads like hard news. No area in the world has been so heavily covered by the news media. And yet one woman walks in and scoops them all: 35-year-old scoops, 65-year-old scoops, even hundred-year-old scoops. What the hell is going on here?

What's going on here is that an ideological press has distorted the history of Palestine and Israel and Jordan beyond recognition—to the detriment of Israel in the short run, to the detriment of all concerned in the long run. Does it help the cause of the Palestinian Arabs to sympathize with their homeless, stateless condition, when Jordan is nothing but a Palestinian state, where all but the King's family and the Bedouins are Palestinians? Those Arabs who crossed the river into Jordan over the past 35 years were not refugees entering a host state, they were going into the Arab-run part of their own country, which happens to be three-fourths of historical, mandated Palestine. That's a homeless, stateless people? That many of them don't like the King is hardly to the point—how many people in Eastern Europe or Africa or Asia like their leaders? Yet no one suggests the Hungarians, say, are stateless and homeless.

Those who promote the lie that Israel stole the nationhood of the Palestinians are the real culprits because they destroy all possibility of peace. He who takes your nationhood cannot simply give you part of it back.

The great service provided here by Mrs. Peters—if only attention is paid—is to lay a groundwork for peace by clearing away the farrago of lies that has so long passed for reportage and history.

Once it is seen that two nations already share the land once known as Palestine (and in Biblical days as the Land of Israel) then we have reduced the problem to what it basically is: a border issue. The West Bank and Gaza represent only 4 or 5 per cent of the whole of Palestine. Just look at it that way, forgetting all the bogus claims of the Arabs exposed in this book, and you have to wonder what the fuss has been about all these years. Every boundary disagreement in history has been settled by drawing new lines. But nothing gets settled if one side is encouraged to believe that it has lost everything, including a national identity it discovered for the first time a minute and a half after the Six-Day War.

But alas, reality has always gone AWOL when people start talking about Israelis and Arabs. Imagine an

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almost uninterrupted Western attitude that holds the Palestinian Arabs to be the key to peace in the Middle East. If Israel were destroyed tomorrow, there would still be no peace in the Middle East, or what's Iran-Iraq all about?—just to name one ongoing war. Beyond which, not one Arab regime wants an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank.

Obviously, when it comes to distortion, the pen is mightier than the sword. Can the same be said for truth? □

CLOUTING THE UNIONS

Dan Dickinson

Power and Privilege: Labor Unions in America, by Morgan O. Reynolds (Universe, 304 pp., $14.95)

"WHAT ARE the wages of labor, depend everywhere upon the contract between the two parties," wrote Adam Smith. "It is not difficult to foresee which of the two parties . . . must have the advantage."

Although the fact is generally forgotten, Smith, the founder of the doctrines of the marketplace, was also sympathetic to the creation of unions. Since employers, in Smith's view, often had superior economic power, it was necessary to allow "combinations of workmen" to equalize the system.

While sharing his devotion to economic freedom, Smith's followers have often disagreed with his observations on labor. In recent decades, such prominent scholars as W. H. Hutt, Ludwig von Mises, and Milton Friedman have all taken a whack at the unions. Morgan Reynolds's book is the latest in a long series of broadsides.

Believing that unions are unnecessary, Reynolds contends that they are therefore illegitimate institutions. Their sway maintained by government and by violence, unions are special-interest lobbies, designed to feather the nests of their members at the expense of everyone else. In today's economy, Reynolds argues, unions are a leading contributor to unemployment and discrimination, as well as to our productivity problems. As institutions, they are cesspools of corruption, racketeering, even murder. It is quite an indictment. But is it a valid one?

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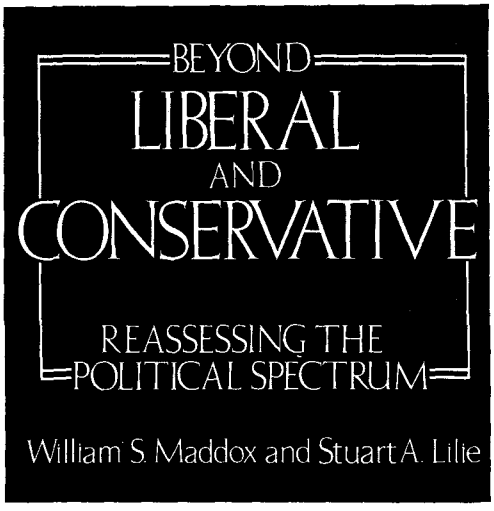

Although other political scientists have noticed the inability of the traditional liberal/conservative dichotomy to adequately explain today's political scene, these two authors provide the first comprehensive analysis of the demographics of ideological diversity in America. Transcending the traditional political spectrum, Maddox and Lilie maintain that there are at least four ideological positions among the American electorate: liberal, conservative, populist, and libertarian. **$18.00 203 pp., 54 charts**

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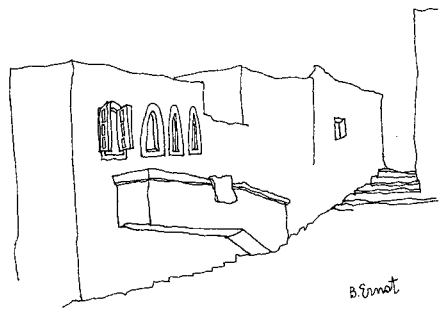
Reynolds's pivotal idea that unions are not needed is patently false. One can argue over whether people were exploited during the Industrial Revolution, but of the essentials of human nature conservatives ought to have some common understanding. While businessmen have no innate desire to abuse workers, the reality of the management/labor relationship was neatly summed up by Smith when he noted that "the workmen desire to get as much, and the masters give as little as possible." Practically speaking, both businessmen and unionists have an interest in taking advantages when they have the greater power. Nor should we be naïve about the willingness of either party to use such power. "We rarely hear," said Smith, "of the combinations of masters; though frequently of those of workmen. But whoever imagines . . . that masters rarely combine, is as ignorant of the world as of his subject."

If Reynolds's basic contention is flawed, his reading of why unions grew is selective. The explosive growth of unions in the 1930s, Reynolds tells us, was the result of the Norris-LaGuardia and Wagner Acts, which "made it illegal for employers to resist unionization of their enterprises." In actuality, economic trends had as much to do with the unions' success as federal action. During times of business growth, the economic strength of employees is greatest and unionization is least necessary. Such conditions characterized the American economy prior to the Great Depression. When economic dislocations take place, the power of the employer grows. Under such conditions, the worker often finds himself confronted with Hobson's choice: He "can take what's offered, or nothing at all." It is when this process occurs that people reach for the union card.

In analyzing the effect of unions on the economy, Reynolds swings wildly. He blames much of our current productivity problem on the unions. Although he is aware of the work of Harvard economists Freeman and Medoff, which purports to prove that unions have a positive effect on productivity, he fails to deal effectively with the impressive data that the Harvard pair compiled. Also, a certain duplicity emerges here. Reynolds tells us that union resistance to automation and modernization has hurt production. Fair enough. But later on, he alleges



that high union wages have forced employers to modernize and capitalize their facilities, thus costing jobs. Well, which is it?

Reynolds's analysis of the unions' contributions to abetting discrimination reveals no more subtlety. According to him, the riots of white unionists against black strikebreakers in the 1880s represented racism at its worst. Clearly, the unionists did not have "a very flattering portrait of blacks' ability to recognize their own self-interest" in accepting work under the offered conditions. Does Reynolds really believe that blacks in the 1880s were in any position to negotiate on equal terms with employers? A similar naïveté emerges in his incredible advocacy of the "yellow dog" contract. Such documents, now illegal, required an employee to surrender his constitutional freedom of association in order to get a job. Citing the court decision that eliminated this abuse, Reynolds tells us that, in the case in point, "the ironic truth is that the employees . . . were eager to have a yellow-dog contract." I'll bet.

Reynolds's arguments become shrillest when dealing with union bossism and corruption. Most studies of union behavior show that most labor officials are honest and that most unions are run democratically. The problems seem to occur primarily in those unions where near-monopoly powers have bred abuses. But Reynolds isn't interested in the actual occurrence of misdeeds; to him any misdeeds typify the basic performance of all unions. Once it's understood that all unions are the enemy, all rhetorical excesses seem justified. Thus he tells us that union leaders feel "workers are the property of union organizations," that union constitutions "[are] reminiscent of the Soviet constitution," and that "although America had a history of mob violence committed by lynch mobs, vigilantes, and the Ku Klux Klan, those groups were not quite so menacing as the unionists." Reynolds bemoans the fact that "those who venture to question [unionism] are vilified as anti-union . . ." One wonders why.

None of this is to say that the unions should be exempt from criticism. They have contributed to minority unemployment; their insistence on import quotas is a threat to consumers; and the political effects of their lobbying efforts, outside of foreign policy, are terrible. Worse, the current fascination of many in the union movement with the notion of "industrial policy" could lead to the breakdown of America's "market" consensus, with disastrous consequences.

Even so, as Michael Novak has suggested, the time for a general conservative reassessment of the unions is at hand. While the unions of Western Europe seem socialistic, those in Central America back democratic reforms, and the unions in Poland have supported the Catholic Church. In Japan, organized labor has been a key component in the drive for productivity. There is no predestined reason that American unions can't become a bulwark of what Novak calls "democratic capitalism." But it won't happen so long as conservatives insist on writing —and praising—books like *Power and Privilege.* □

HERETICS ALL

Joseph Sobran

Heresies: The Image of Christ in the Mirror of Heresy and Orthodoxy from the Apostles to the Present, by Harold O. J. Brown (Doubleday, 477 pp., $17.95)

An ally of Luther's named Johann Brenz computed the distance from earth to heaven to be 16,338,562 German miles. Harold O. J. Brown tells us: "Given the speed of Jesus' ascent from the Mount of Olives, as Brenz estimated it, Brenz concluded that the body of Jesus could not yet have reached heaven by the sixteenth century." Thus did Brenz refute Zwingli's insistence that Christ is literally at the right hand of God.

You have to be up on the history of theology to know a thing like that, and Dr. Brown certainly is. At one level, *Heresies* is as useful as a reference book in running down all the va-

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rieties of belief and partial belief you can never quite keep straight in your mind: docetism, Arminianism, homoiousianism, monophysitism, Nestorianism, Socinianism, Catharism, and a dozen or so more, even unto Sabellianism, Bogomilism, and patripassianism. Brown outlines them all with energy and clarity.

What's more, *Heresies* is a narrative, a history of Christianity from a certain angle. It reads like a novel, so purposefully is it arranged, so lively and sympathetic are the portraits of all the sects. A Protestant, Brown finds extenuations for the severities of the Inquisition. I read nearly three hundred pages before I realized that this fairminded book has its own axe to grind. That the author is so careful not to twist the evidence to his own advantage makes his thesis all the more challenging. You discover that all the time he seemed to be giving straightforward expositions of discrete theological controversies he was simultaneously limning a vision of history. As he says, orthodoxy is often defined and even elicited by the challenge of heresy. Sometimes, as with Arianism, heresy is prevalent and articulate before orthodoxy can discover itself.

The Arian precedent is important to him, for, as a Protestant, he feels a certain embarrassment in using the terms "orthodoxy" and "heresy." After all, Catholic readers will consider him a heretic himself. Protestantism, moreover, seems to be more geographically localized than Catholicism, and was apparently characterized at its inception by "particularity, nationalism, and frequent doctrinal onesidedness." He admits all this. But he is not deterred. Let God be true, and every man a liar.

It was, in Brown's view, "the medieval Church itself that had moved away from the center. . . . Reformation Protestantism . . . could credibly claim to have recovered vital elements of the Gospel and thus to be more in accord with the New Testament and its message than Catholicism." The Reformers were reluctant to call the Catholic faith a heresy, though of course they called it far worse things. A heretic, after all, is usually one who rejects rather than superadds certain doctrines. But the Reformers thought that relatively minor changes in Catholic practice reflected "a fundamental transformation of the nature of the

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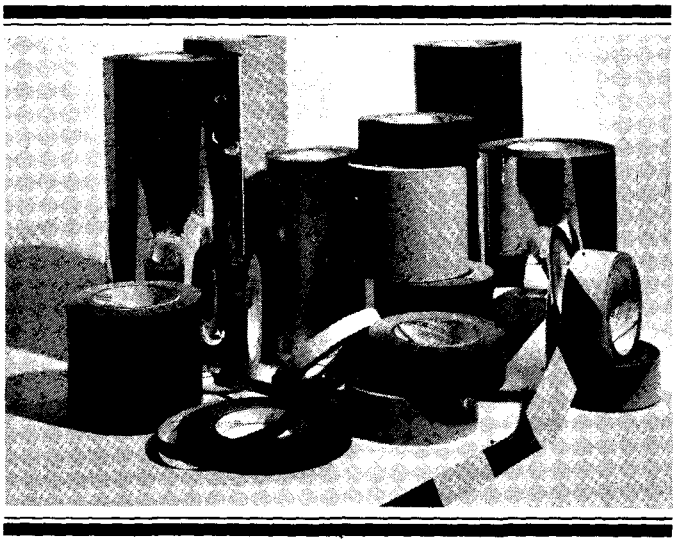

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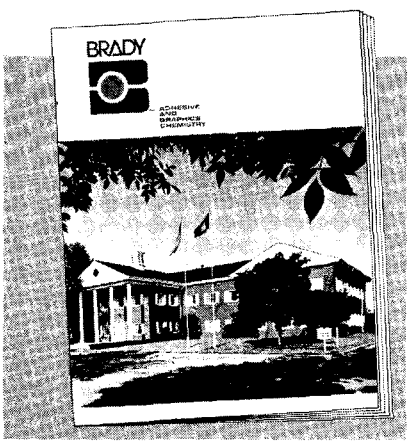

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Church and its message from a company of believers to an institution administering grace. This transformation is symbolized in the change from the Lord's Supper as communion into the Mass as mystic sacrifice."

Brown stresses the "dramatic innovation" of the doctrine of transubstantiation. He pinpoints the moment of corruption (a word he avoids) in the eucharistic controversy of the ninth century, when a Frankish monk named Paschasius Radbertus argued for the corporeal presence of Christ under the mere form of bread and wine. "The bodily presence of Christ provided the rationale for a shift in Christian piety from its original basis as founded on the Word and on faith; instead, the religious life came to center on the reality offered in the sacrament."

Regarding present-day Catholic theologians like Küng and Schillebeeckx, he remarks: "Roman Catholic theology, no less than Protestant, is moving so far from the questions and concerns that shaped the ecumenical creeds that it is hard to use them to categorize it as orthodox or heretical. It may soon be necessary to say of mainstream Roman Catholic theology that it, like most Protestantism, is neither orthodox nor heretical, but another religion."

Now of course the real question is whether the doctrine of transubstantiation is an "innovation" or a development. St. Paul, after all, says in his first epistle to the Corinthians that the bread and wine are indeed the body and blood of Christ, and that whoever drinks or eats unworthily at this meal incurs damnation. It seems to me that he implies pretty clearly what is expressed more fully in the metaphysical idiom of "substance." Why is it implausible that the doctrine should have gone undefined for eight centuries, when Protestant doctrines took fifteen?

Brown's opinion of the doctrines of Küng and Schillebeeckx is probably no lower than mine. But it seems odd to call them "mainstream" Catholic theologians, when both men are notoriously held in suspicion by the Holy See. If their views had been promulgated by the Church as her own, a far more damning book than this one would be in order, and I would be glad to write it.

In the meantime, the salient fact is that we know their views *aren't* the Catholic faith. Even a layman, unsophisticated in these arcane controversies, can know that. The God who chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise doesn't ask extraordinary wisdom and scholarship of the folks in the pews. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Ordinary foolish people need authority, just as laymen with legal problems need to have a Supreme Court to settle important questions beyond their own competence. It is possible that the vast majority of professing Christians should be wrong about doctrine; and yet somehow I can't believe that God would allow the earnest simple believer to be so totally without means of finding truth, so completely at the mercy of the chance of belonging to the right sect, as the absence of visible authority would leave him. The Pope's authority exists for the sake of the peasant. Imagine having to depend on men like Johann Brenz in order to understand God's word!

Hilaire Belloc constantly pointed out that during the early centuries of Christianity, men referred not to "Christianity" but to the Church, to be a Christian was to be a member of which. Christ made promises about and to this body, not a book. The Church is our ultimate safeguard against theologians. And somebody must have the last word within the Church.

Nevertheless, *Heresies* is a stimulating survey, and people who disagree with it as strongly as I do at critical points will be grateful for its learning, its intelligence, and its charitable tone. How often do you feel personal warmth for a polemicist who attacks your own position? □

LITTLE BIG MAN

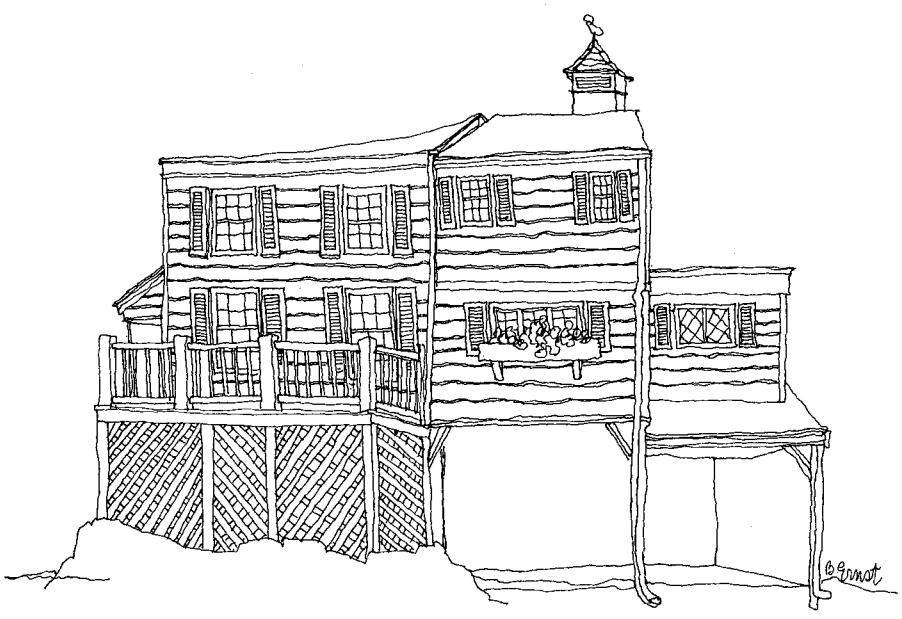
Thomas Mallon

H. G. Wells: Aspects of a Life, by Anthony West (Random House, 405 pp., $22.95)

ONE OF THE most eloquent passages in Anthony West's biography of his father concerns not the life H. G. Wells lived, but the one he escaped. If he had persisted as a draper's shop assistant he

> would have seen floor walkers eying him with distaste, and he would have seen older versions of himself, weedy and shambling, cringing when they were exposed to the same unappreciative glares. These partly worn-out men, penny-pinching to build up some reserve against the evil day when they failed to please in their last crib, were what his brothers were becoming, were what he would surely become if his mother had her way.

Sarah Wells, who had the peculiarly English horror of rising above her station, spent much of her unhappy marriage waiting for the day she could leave her husband and go back into service. But her son, despite his mother's warnings against ambition, managed to break free from the drapers and the pharmacist to whom he was apprenticed and get enough of an education to start writing novels, history, political philosophy, and prophecy. Once embarked he never stopped flying, and his mode of conveyance was always the seat of his pants. Short-



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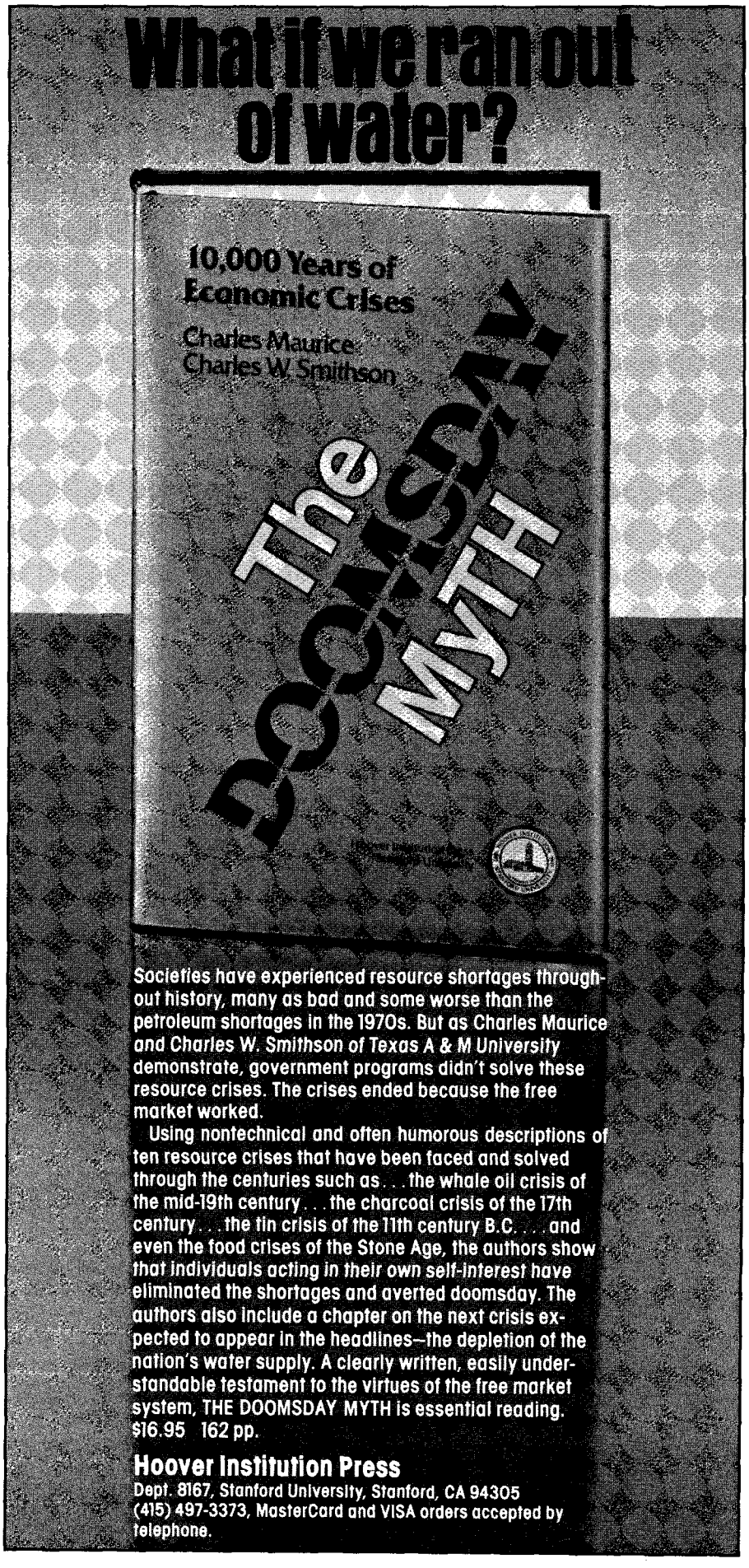
ly after the First World War, novels like *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* and popular tomes like the *Outline of History* made him rich; the mass-circulating platform provided by Lord Beaverbrook's papers made him an influence.

His son celebrates him as "an authentic genius" who helped along or foresaw, among other mixed blessings, the nuclear age, the United Nations, and the Common Market. Wells's visions were in fact so far-flung and elastic that West must defend him against charges ranging from "fatuous optimism" to "crypto-fascism."

British socialism as represented by Beatrice and Sidney Webb and the Fabian Society was too small to hold him, a good idea for a time but in the end not imaginatively sustaining. Also, the "ingrown and clubby" Fabians had trouble countenancing his bumptious sex life, which was at least as internationalist as his politics. If he was "notoriously inept when it came to writing love scenes," he had no lack of practice playing them. Wells was a feminist philanderer whose conquests included a Soviet agent, a Dutch-Greek journalist raised in Constantinople, a British university student, and the American birth-control proselytizer Margaret Sanger. An Austrian woman named Hedwig Verena Gatternigg even slashed her wrists over the squirrely little man Rupert Brooke called "wee, fantastic Wells." His long marriage to Amy Catherine Robbins (whom he called Jane) was made possible by her need of "a husband who could be counted upon to be unfaithful to her" as she manufactured the conditions of domestic tranquillity necessary to his prodigious literary output. Jane Wells was a formidable doormat—someone who made herself indispensable even while she was abandoned—and Anthony West clearly admires her tenacity.

She was not his mother. The author is the illegitimate son of the late Rebecca West, a woman who "thought of her life history as something that could easily be improved by editing." The posthumous sushi West makes of his own mother in this book assures its place as the literary equivalent of Anthony Perkins's filial performance up the road from the Bates Motel. And yet, for all the interest this guarantees, *H. G. Wells* is chiefly distinguished by its peculiar structure. I can think of no other biography whose subject dies in Chapter VII *before* his father is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born in Chapter VIII. West regards the "aspects" of his father's life—his politics, womanizing, literary achievement, friendships—in an aggressively unchronological way. Reading this book is like looking at a tray of slides that have been shuffled or sitting in Wells's own time machine with a hot-rodder at the controls.

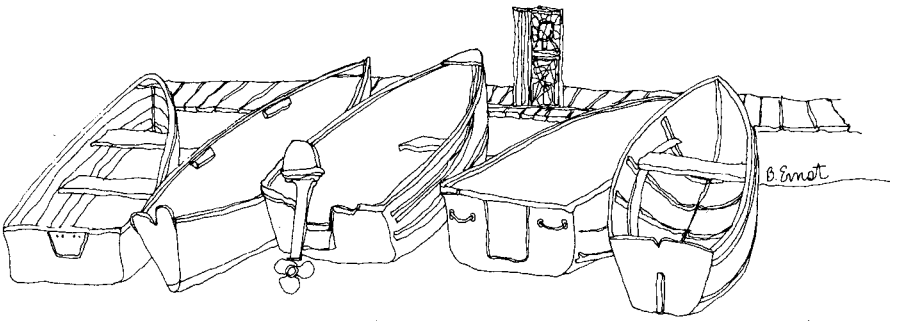
This is not just a biography marbled with memoir. It is an obsession. West began it in 1948, and as he settles all sorts of posthumous scores for the father he knew rather distantly and now admires hugely, he allows himself to become shrill; to crawl out on some thin psychological limbs; and to interpret the chemicals off whatever old photographs he finds. This book does indeed read like one that has been on its author's mind for nearly forty years. For all West's precision within individual paragraphs, the back-and-forth quality of his memory and presentation gives the volume an odd garrulousness. What the reader ends up with is a series of late-night gnawings, armchair perplexities that have taken decades to be vented. Yet the book that has finally resulted is not unworthy, just difficult: a challenging addition to the still under-experimented-with genre of literary biography. In the end its frustrating clocklessness may make more sense than the great digital monsters that keep lumbering out of English departments. After all, chronology stops at the grave. Our memories of the dead are forever arhythmic, and the ghost who shows up wrinkled tonight is free to wear knee pants tomorrow. □

FICTION

MAIN STREET REVISITED

Francis X. Marnell

". . . And Ladies of the Club," by Helen Hooven Santmyer (Putnam's, 1,176 pp., $19.95)



ONE OF THE characters in *". . . And Ladies of the Club"* contemplates writing a long book describing small-town Midwestern life, by way of a riposte to Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*. Evidently such a bout of contemplation produced *Ladies*. At any rate, *Ladies* reverses many of *Main Street*'s perspectives on their common subject. A great part of Lewis's fun in *Main Street* consists of contrasting the ignorant self-satisfaction of the citizens of Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, with the superior savoir-faire of the inhabitants of Paris, Chicago, and Minneapolis. Miss Santmyer, in *Ladies*, does not let her attention or that of her characters stray to faraway cities; she keeps it firmly fixed on Waynesboro, Ohio, from 1868 to 1932. Lewis's concern is Gopher Prairie's unwitting provinciality. Provinciality is not at issue in *Ladies*; one of the givens of the novel is Waynesboro's centrality. Miss Santmyer's acceptance, sometimes resigned and sometimes celebratory, of small-town life is not an answer to Lewis's undermining satiric contrasts; it is a different way of looking at things. The question in judging it is whether its way of looking enlightens.

The early reviews mostly declared that it does not; that *Ladies* is too long, too little dramatic, and bigoted as well. These criticisms are partly accurate, but on the whole so unjust that one is tempted to argue too much on Miss Santmyer's behalf. Several things, however, do need saying.

In the first place, the perception of bigotry in the novel is due to two confusions: a confusion of narratorial with authorial voice, and a confusion of sociological observation with moral judgment. Many of the characters assume that the Irish are naturally inferior, and the blacks more so; Miss Santmyer records these assumptions. Insofar as Miss Santmyer finds it necessary to judge racism, she opposes it. But racism is not her subject; her most conspicuous position on the topic of bigotry is that the Reformed Presbyterians are too rigid. To write about something other than racism does not constitute racism.

Ladies is more difficult to defend from the charge of excessive length. Miss Santmyer sometimes forgets she is writing a novel. Charm but also tedium resides in, for instance, noting the successive impractical fashions of hoop skirts, bustles, and leg-of-mutton sleeves. A more serious indulgence of the reportorial impulse, as opposed to the narrative or the dramatic, occurs in roughly the second half of *Ladies*, when the current of the novel, having run strongly in stories of its most central characters, Sally Rausch and Anne Gordon, is weakened by being divided up among numerous relatives and connections over too many years.

Capaciousness, however, has its compensations. *Ladies* gives us good accounts of the development of the Rausch and Gordon families over three generations; this would have been difficult to do in a small space. Ludwig and Sally Rausch accumulate great wealth and achieve high social position. Their sons are not equal to this elevation: One is dissolute, the others lack ability. However, a daughter, Elsa, possesses fully her parents' industry and spirit. She succeeds her mother to some extent in her leading role in Waynesboro society, and raises a son who takes over management of the Rausch Cordage Company from his grandfather.

The large and prominent Rausch family most fully reveals its character in nearly public issues of money and social leadership. In contrast, the Gordons are private people whose intimate difficulties tell us more about them than their public roles. Anne Gordon, partly on principle and partly from temperament, takes a constant pleasure in living. John Gordon, Anne's husband, cannot reconcile himself to the inevitability that he cannot always save lives (he is a doctor) and seeks release in marital infidelity. John Gordon Jr., also a doctor, also is driven to infidelity, although, in his case, by the coldness of his wife. Of the male Gordons,

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only Anne's grandson, Alexander Tucker Gordon, seems equable and good-natured enough to have a happy life.

Although the Rausch and Gordon families are treated most fully in *Ladies*, others are described with sufficient attention to take on individual life. Miss Santmyer's abilities in domestic history are considerable. Bringing to life so many distinct private arrangements is no small task in itself. In addition, Miss Santmyer succeeds in giving us a good idea of what domestic life must have been during the period her novel covers. This is not always a drily historical or nostalgically heart-warming accomplishment. Few death scenes since the Victorian era are so good (which means so heart-wrenching) as several in *Ladies*. The effects of aging on the old and on the young around them, and the consequences, physical and social, of bearing children in the nineteenth century, are described with hard-headed intelligence and understanding.

Despite, then, unfortunate stretches lacking realized dramatic purpose, *Ladies* sensibly and calmly describes the world of a small American town several generations ago, and serves, if not as an answer, at least as a counterpart to *Main Street*'s sometimes petulant ridicule. □

FILM

DARK CRANNIES

John Simon

IT'S A BIT of a red-letter day when an American movie even flirts with maturity, and *Tightrope* certainly flirts with it. A trifle meretriciously, awkwardly, even immaturely, but it does try, within the format of the *policier* (strange that there is no English word for it) and the genre of the *film noir* (again!), for a significant statement and for a story that can accommodate such a statement. Written and directed by Clint Eastwood's protégé Richard Tuggle, and starring Eastwood, this is the tale of a capable New Orleans detective, Wes Block, whose wife has left him, and who lives with his two daughters, aged 12 and five, whom he adores. Though a good father, he sees with horror a kinky side emerging in himself.

Someone is murdering prostitutes in the French Quarter; he has more or less unorthodox sex with them, then strangles them. Although, under Block's supervision, some progress is made in the hunt for the killer, he leaves few, and rather confusing, clues. Most peculiarly, he seems to have it in for Block. For as Block ferrets around the good-time girls of the Vieux Carré, he gets little freebies from them: here a little oral sex, there a girl inviting him to manacle her to the bed, and so on toward a girl who proffers a bull whip. But no sooner has Block had sex with one of these ladies of the night than she is dispatched into eternal night, usually as the climax of the type of sex Block has had with her. We are shown the masked killer trailing Block, voyeuristically ogling his escapades, then striking. Since the Police Department is on to Block's kinkiness, there is some suspicion directed toward him; he himself seems to fear that, in a trance perhaps, he may be the killer.

Meanwhile he is accosted by a ballsy young woman he at first tries to shake: Beryl, who teaches self-defense

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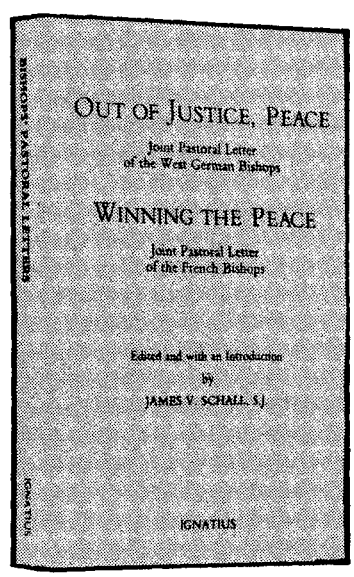
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at a rape crisis center and wants to know more about what the police are doing in this new emergency. An enlightened feminist, Beryl befriends Wes, and they eventually become lovers. She has a humanizing influence; asked by Wes what makes her so sure the women she coaches need help, she answers, "We all need it." Score one against Wes. When she asks how his experiences with homicide affected his relations with his ex-wife, Wes replies, "They made me treat my wife a little more tenderly."

"How did she respond?"

"She said she wasn't interested in tenderness." Score one for Wes; the film does not stack the deck.

For all of Beryl's wholesomeness, Wes is further demoralized the more he realizes that the killer and he are brothers under the foreskin. Even his love for his daughters begins to look ambiguous, especially where the elder, Amanda, is concerned. Shortly after he has learned that the killer went in for "sandwiches" (sexual threesomes), Wes passes out from exhaustion prone on his couch. Amanda finds him there, tenderly climbs on top of him, and likewise falls asleep. Later, this incomplete sandwich will be figuratively completed. Whatever the killer does, Block has, in his own life, partially anticipated or echoed. Told that no one could have known what deadly thing the killer would do next, Wes says in bitter self-reproach, "No one but me." The thesis of the film is stated by a psychiatrist who is both black and a woman, which may be indulging in self-congratulatory liberalism: "There is a darkness inside all of us, Wes. Some have it under control, some don't. The rest of us walk a tightrope between the two." The image is somewhat imprecise and unoriginal; but, then, the speaker is a psychiatrist, not a poet.

Clearly, *Tightrope* does a balancing act among three, not two, possibilities. It could have been a piece of soft-core pornography, and at times, alas, it is. It could have been a mere thriller, and, regrettably, it is that to a large extent. But it also could have been, and happily is in part, a searching examination of a psyche losing its balance, with distinct implications for the rest of us. I wish we could have seen something of Block's marriage. I wish we could see more sharply what self-realization does to him—beyond the fact that he does not handcuff Beryl to the bed. I wish the Beryl-Wes relationship were developed in greater, more rewarding detail.

I especially wish the film did not try to suggest more than it states without daring to pursue its suggestions. Thus when the killer tries to fix up Wes with a young male whore in a homosexual bar, another male hustler asks the non-consenting cop, "How do you know you won't like it if you haven't tried?"

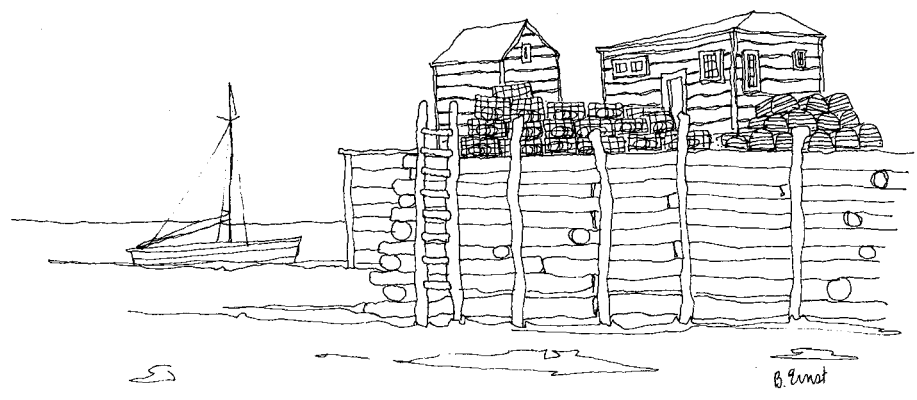
"Maybe I have," replies Block, but there is no follow-through. Is this more than repartee, though? Later, when Block looks for the killer in a Mardi Gras-costume warehouse, the camera picks up among the grotesque disguises (some of which the killer is given to wearing) a Ronald Reagan and a Douglas MacArthur mask—but no Jimmy Carter or Harry Truman. Is a connection implied between leading Republicans and carnival madness? And murder? This is not just a cheap shot, it is also a red herring posing as something more.

Still, *Tightrope* makes some pertinent comments tersely and devastatingly. Thus Beryl, who is so good at kicking a male dummy in the groin during a demonstration, proves powerless to defend herself during a real assault. Thus Block is confronted in a terrifying way with his incestuous feelings about Amanda, though the film cannot quite show what this dreadful lesson does to him. Yet for all the weakness of his flesh, Wes is clearly superior to Dirty Harry, the cop who enjoys killing, whom Eastwood has portrayed in a progressively more odious series of films. Here, moreover, Eastwood, not exactly known for his histrionic range, manages to convey a troubled and troubling character without making him too antipathetic or too sympathetic.

But always the film rushes back to standard devices of suspense—for example, when the two frightened daughters huddle together while their father fights the killer, shots are heard, the door opens, and all we see at first is the close-up of a smoking gun—but in whose hand? Such tricks belong to a lesser genre; the suspense *Tightrope* could have generated, and does provide to an extent, is of a deeper, more existential kind. Similarly, I wish that after all that nagging doubt about Wes, we were not treated to—and cheated by—a conventional happy ending.

In other ways, too, *Tightrope* is flawed. So Bruce Surtees, a cameraman who loves to underlight his films, is here allowed to feast on darkness. Most of the film takes place at night, in dives, in heavily shuttered rooms, or in rainy weather; during the final chase there is even a thunderstorm. Like sunlight, the brighter sections of New Orleans are rarely visible. *Film noir*, very well, but is the epithet to be taken quite so literally? And there are other kinds of literal-mindedness. Thus one prostitute is almost always provocatively licking a popsicle, which, by way of underlining, has to be red. And, worst of all, one of Wes's nightmares is shown, at first, as if Beryl were dreaming it.

Nevertheless, there is much stinging action and tingling dialogue, and generally compelling acting. Sadly, Geneviève Bujold (Beryl) is not aging well, but her performance, as always, is intelligent and persuasive. The various prostitutes, policemen, riffraff are shrewdly cast and make the most of their vignettes. And even though there is some hyperbole (a whore who handed out that kind of whip wouldn't last long), there is also understatement and ellipsis that allow seamy incidents to register without undue titillation. If there is still an aura of exploitation about the film, it is only because Tug-



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gle doesn't quite know how to transfigure dross into art. But he tries. *Tightrope* is a film that points away from the American cinema's perennial adolescence toward an incipient adulthood.

JULIAN MITCHELL'S script for *Another Country*, based on his successful stage play, purports to tell us in fictionalized guise what there was about the fancier English public schools of the Thirties that drove chaps like Burgess and Maclean into becoming traitors. The answer is—at least in the case of Burgess, called Guy Bennett here and aptly enacted by Rupert Everett—a profoundly hypocritical attitude toward homosexuality. While, it seems, it was rampant, and tacitly known to fathers and masters alike, it could not be avowed, and one could not be caught at it. Otherwise, the double standard exacted severe punishment and conferred lasting stigma.

Well, maybe so. But why this should lead Guy into Communism and betrayal is only sketchily, unsteadily adumbrated. And as a film about shady doings at (presumably) Eton, *Another Country* is mushily sentimental even unto its direction by Marek Kanievska (endless dolly shots of glowing young faces) and cinematography by Peter Biziou (colors that fairly deliquesce), except that it does contain some discreet, poeticized homosexuality. Also a few facile ironies. □

THE GIMLET EYE

SKIRMISHING—PART I

D. Keith Mano

MY MACH I pistol is tracking him. He tries to run in the butt-deep stream just below me—clumsy there, almost effeminate, as if kicking a maxi-length skirt of water ahead. I hip-shoot: even I can't miss from ten feet. The bullet cracks his rifle hand. I see it clench in shock like a clubbed starfish. Red washes over his wrist and chest. But, goddam, the hit wasn't mortal. He still wades, crazy with alarm. This has gotten vicious and unsporting: now I'll have to plug him in the back. And there is something unhostile, vulnerable about all that wet and young blond hair on his neck. "Shoot

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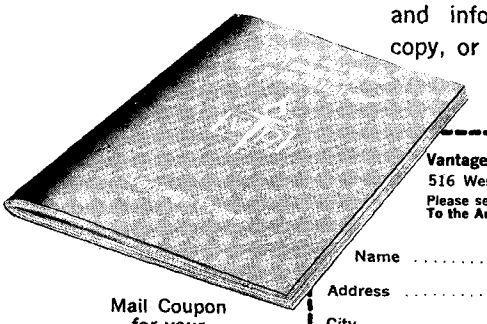

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him! Shoot!" my squad leader yells, exasperated. I chamber a round: the gun jerks. An exact red circle has appeared beneath his left shoulder blade. He shouts out pain and irritation. He shouts, "I'll kill you next battle, you son of a bitch."

We're playing war for $59.95 on the VISA card in Lehigh State Park. My Israeli Uzi model pistol fires a gumball-big biodegradable dye pellet. I've got this general-issue camouflage jumpsuit on—more fashionable than anything in my peace-surplus wardrobe. And goggles: because a gumball propelled by CO_2 can fish your pupil jelly out. One hit above the elbow or below-neck is "fatal" (and will sting like a distemper shot). Referees arbitrate death. Head shooting is illegal and cause for your dishonorable discharge. But since, in decent cover, just the face will show, fat lips and cheek shiners are common here. Yet, pain and sweat and mud aside, Skirmish is the most terrific, adrenalin-rush experience I've had since last I was Rolfed. For instance, I've never fallen in love with a rhododendron bush before.

Like this one, shielding my left side. Blat. Repeat blat. A pellet slugs the branch just overhead. Ba-ba-blat. My crouch has become a huddle now. Dye drips another kind of blossom down—I'm half goggle-blind with red. B Company is defending the Orange Team flag. It hangs, clothespinned, above a bare, rock-fallen U-shaped incline to my right. We're dug in around the U. I'm sweating bullets and my bullets are sweating from rain—wet, they expand, then jam the Uzi chamber. Blat, more blat: left and below, my squad mates are already dead. Three Yellow Team men have elbow-crept near the rhododendron. I am, frankly, scared out of my *Sitzbein*. They know I'm here: they're big and young and rowdy. "I see him. Let's get the little f---. Blast him out." But they can't easily crawl behind me: the undergrowth is close as crochet work. And they can't charge in front to our flag without giving me a clean shot. They are p.o.'d and reckless. Blat, blat, blat—they douse my bush. This is a critical position: I hold the Orange

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WHEN, following the inauguration of Ronald Reagan as President of the United States, Holmes Alexander packed away his typewriter after a 35-year stint as a political columnist, he had the satisfaction of knowing not just that he was getting out while the getting was good ("It seemed a better ending than dropping dead like George Sokolsky or pooping out like David Lawrence") but that the country was in better hands ("last chance") than it had been at any time since that post-Labor Day Tuesday, 1945, when he had taken a reporter's job with the *Baltimore Sun* ("Joy it was in that day to be alive . . . and to be aged 39 was very heaven") or a year later, when, having discovered that all roads lead to Washington ("watchtower of world history"), he took up residence there. In *Never Lose a War: Memoirs and Observations of a National Columnist* (Devin-Adair, $14.95), published with a Foreword by Barry Goldwater, a veteran conservative commentator recapitulates a distinguished journalistic career, giving special emphasis to those pressure-points at which it impinged most closely on the history of the Republic with which it was dialectically fused.

Holmes Alexander's tenacious, courageous brand of conservatism is distinctly old-fashioned, the apparent tautology going only to show that fashionability in political opinion bears no necessary relationship to political wisdom. The author's mentors were, besides his father ("Don't press me," the elder Alexander had remarked, in reply to his son's comment that it was "sort of sad" that President Roosevelt had not lived to enjoy V-E Day), H. L. Mencken and the isolationist historian Charles Beard, from whom he learned partial truths about the desirable role of the United States in the world; truths that, although they do not provide an answer to every contemporary situation or even a complete solution of any of them, nevertheless supply much-needed balance to current thinking on international issues.

For Alexander, the advent of Reagan is really the long-deferred ascendancy of many of the ideas behind Robert Taft's protracted candidacy, of which he has this to say:

> Since the people wanted postwar conservatism, what they should have done in 1948 was to send to the Presidency Robert Alphonso Taft, free-enterpriser, nationalist, constitutionalist, an uncompromising, unapologetic right-winger. He was all these things—also tactless, disorganized, opposed to consensus, impatient of fools—and thus he failed at the grand achievement of reaching the people. But the cardinal sin of vainglory was not in him. Accumulate executive power? Centralize government in Washington? Yearn to straddle the world? In Taft, all the opposite desires predominated.

To the extent that Alexander is opposed to the United States "straddling the world"—that is to say, seeking monsters abroad to slay—he qualifies as an isolationist of the old style, or perhaps, to put it less sympathetically, a neutralist or peace-monger of the new. And yet he is an isolationist with a difference—one who believes in going straight to the heart of the international conflagration rather than running around putting out brush fires. He remains firm in his belief that Truman wanted badly to "wield the atomic hammer" by launching a preventive war against the Soviet Union, and equally firm in his belief (in my opinion justified) that he ought to have done so. Alexander's argument is that since 1945 the United States has been losing World War III, and it is one of the few disappointments of this engaging book that, after acclaiming the fact of a Reagan Presidency, he has almost nothing to say about its accomplishments—either foreign or domestic—or lack of them. (It would be interesting, for example, to know Alexander's opinion of the Administration's policies in Grenada and El Salvador, as well as of the President's blunt handling of the Kremlin chiefs.)

What we do get, however, is a refreshing restatement of the ideal of American self-sufficiency—military, economic, and social—in accordance with which imports would be unnecessary, entangling alliances eschewed, and immigration rigorously controlled. This may be a pre-supply-side version of conservatism. If so, it is also a better one. □

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Team flank alone and I can't even run away. Few real moments have scared me so efficiently.

Then one, berserk with impatience, is rushing: six feet two inches of sheer gung-ho. I snap off a shot and kill him in the bicep. "Mother-f---, I'm dead. Get him, Gino, get that prick." And his buddy goes gink-wild, bulling through the undergrowth behind. He's a deft pump-loader: no way I, trigger-unhappy, can equal that firepower. The thicket is talkative with shot. I crawl in panic, matching him yard for yard, as I try to keep my flank unturned. And, suddenly, six feet apart, we reach a small clearing. Gino fires point blank: a bullet has caught my left forefinger under the nail. But I manage one shot and, blat, he's dead hip-high. My left hand has gone numb. And now, behind me, 12 of the Yellow Peril are charging our position. B Company has opened fire. But I lie, sick with my own sour phlegm, face down in a clump of mountain laurel.

"Mano!" the squad leader yells. "Are you alive?"

"Yes," I call out with some reluctance.

"There's a Yellow behind us—go back and clean him out." Behind, you understand, is brush as intricate as cold vermicelli. I don't want to go, I don't want to move, but—peer pressure—I creep in. I do possess a slight advantage: in particular I've had time to reconnoiter one half-foot-wide path. Listen, listen: noise is everything. I hump and flatten, caterpillar style. And now I hear the pop-rush of leaves against cloth. He has begun, unaware, hampered, to skulk toward me. This jerk is mine: dead meat. And yes—oh, yes—I'd love to ambush him. It won't be like that other guy in the stream. Fear and exhaustion have made me pragmatic, truculent. I-want-this-man-to-go-away. I can't deal with another threat. And when he blunders within five feet, off balance, the force of my shot will knock him head over tail. I feel relief: call it elation, I don't care. Maybe nothing more will be required of me for a while.

I've done well. I kept the flank and killed three. But I feel, just for one half-frame, what terrible inner sinew it must require to perform at that level, week on week, from Omaha Beach across the Rhine, through a whole Vietnam year. Minds wind like liana. A single off day, some small inattention, and they can unzip the body bag for you. With no charter bus back to mid-Manhattan afterward.

And so it would be later. Orange assaulted the Yellow flag. There was minor resistance left. I knelt, rash and cheerful, not in good cover, to wipe the Uzi out. And a hard pellet whacked across my abdomen, painful as razor-strop discipline. I kept repeating, I'm hit, me, how can I be hit?—while a teammate shot the sniper from his high tree roost. Hit just where my small intestine would gladly have eeled out. And I could guess at what strong surprise, what disappointment, what *indignation* must lie behind the open, clouding eyes of the dead. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Further Up the Organization, by Robert Townsend (Knopf, 254 pp., $15.95)

HAVING persuaded Avis to try harder, corporate executive Robert Townsend decided in 1970 to try his hand at writing a breezy guide to upper-level management; *Up the Organization*, an alphabetically arranged hornbook of irreverent advice for the exasperated businessman, was the eminently satisfactory result. Fourteen years have passed and nothing much about the business world has changed, so Mr. Townsend has added thirty-odd new chapters to his original guerrilla manual and reissued it as *Further Up the Organization*. To be sure, Mr. Townsend's new advice, like his old advice, is little more than Peter Drucker with jokes—but it's *good* advice, and the humor doesn't hurt a bit. ("If I wind up in the East River wearing cement carpet slippers, however, I'd be inclined to suspect the Teamsters, one of the worst unions of all.") You don't have to be an executive to enjoy *Further Up the Organization*; you don't even have to be gainfully employed. TERRY TEACHOUT

Energy Isn't Easy, by Norman F. Smith (Coward-McCann, 203 pp., $12.95)

THIS IS one of those cases where you *can* tell a book by its cover. The title, *Energy Isn't Easy*, says it all. Not only is there no free lunch, but there always will be some dirty dishes as well. *Energy Isn't Easy* is a sensible, objective work based on the premise that our energy needs can be met—but not without paying the price. As the author writes: "This book avoids treating the possible energy sources of the future with the bland uniformity and the cheerful optimism seen in so much current literature. Instead it looks inside the various energy sources to examine the processes and relative difficulties for gathering, converting, and using energy from each source." Although this book seems aimed at teenage readers, it is lucid without being simplistic—ideal for the non-specialist

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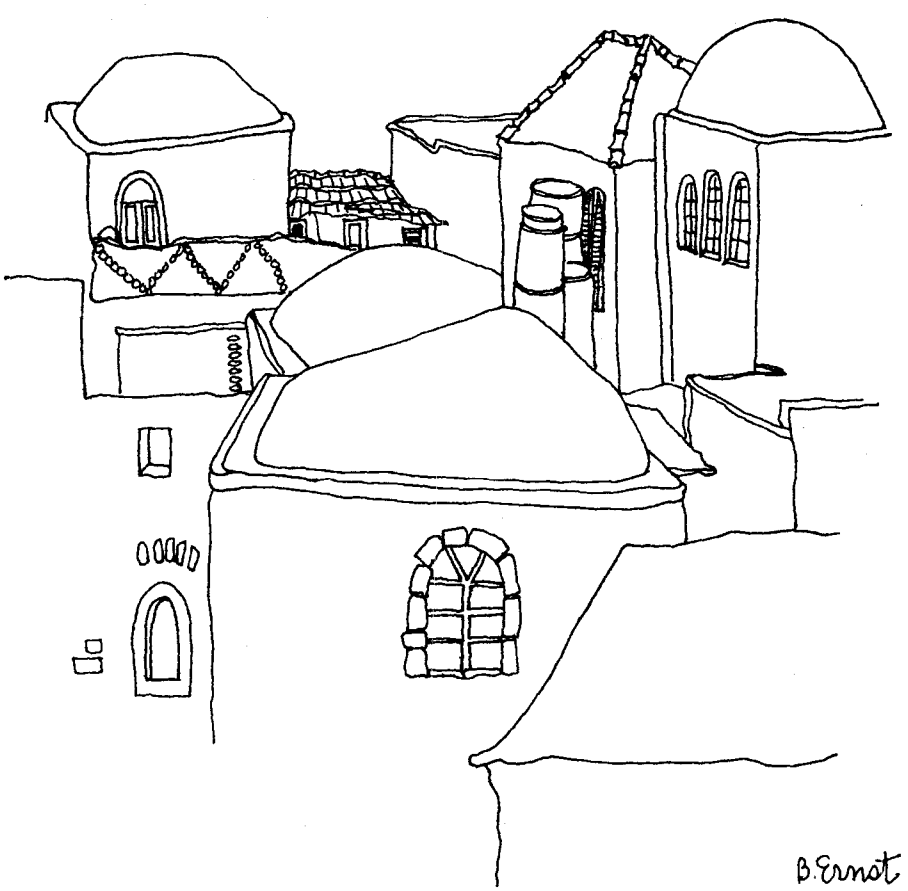
of any age who wants a thorough, but readable, summary of the problems and promises of each source of energy. *Energy Isn't Easy* is especially useful as a source of information to counter some of the wilder anti-nuke propaganda. While not discounting any of the difficulties inherent in nuclear power (or some of the godawful mistakes the government has made over the years), it presents evidence for the rational use of atomic energy. Conversely, it shows that solar power is no benign and universal answer to the energy question; solar has problems too, although they are not usually as obvious. *Energy Isn't Easy* avoids taking sides ideologically or technically (nuke *v.* solar, high-tech *v.* alternative, etc.); rather, it treats our energy needs as a problem to be solved, never forgetting Bacon's dictum that "Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed."

JACK D. KIRWAN

Paratrooper! by Bernard M. Devlin (St. Martin's, 717 pp., $24.95)

THIS BOOK is a history of American parachute and glider operations from the creation of the original Parachute Test Platoon at Fort Benning in 1940 to the occupation of Japan by the 11th Airborne Division in 1945. All the major engagements of U.S. Airborne forces are here: North Africa, Sicily, Anzio, the Normandy invasion, Operation Market-Garden, Bastogne. So too are many less-well-known battles and raids such as the landing by sea of Marine parachute troops on Gavutu in the Solomon Islands in August 1942 (the first American paratroopers to see combat in World War II); the botched raid on Tunisia's El Djem bridge by a platoon of the 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion; and the 11th Airborne's drop on Los Baños Internment Camp Number 2 in the Philippines, where more than two thousand civilians were liberated with only two minor casualties. This book abounds in stories of heroism and daring, as well as appalling mistakes that cost hundreds of men their lives. Throughout, one receives the impression that Allied military planners never quite got the hang of Airborne operations; in action after action, like a monotonous litany, we read of parachutists coming down far from their assigned drop zones, where, lost, alone or in small groups, they contended with the enemy as best they could. And contend they did. The spirit of these men was summed up by the paratroopers at Bastogne who said, "The Germans have got us surrounded —the poor bastards!" This is a book about Airborne operations in World War II. It is also a book about something else, about a particularly American élan, or dash, or swaggering self-confidence, that could find itself in the worst possible situation and still survive—no, prevail. It is a book about something we may have lost, and I mourn its passing. CARL R. SCHMAHL



From Bretton Woods to World Inflation: A Study of Causes and Consequences, by Henry Hazlitt (Regnery Gateway, 179 pp., $10.95)

IN 1944, representatives of the United Nations met at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, to establish the International Monetary Fund and its bank, intended to promote international monetary growth, currency stability, and free trade. This is what the history books tell us. According to Henry Hazlitt, however, "at that meeting, chiefly under the leadership of John Maynard Keynes of England, all the wrong decisions were made. Inflation was institutionalized." In spite of the appalling record since then, few politicians and fewer economists have seriously questioned the agreements reached at Bretton Woods. Mr. Hazlitt here collects editorials he wrote for the *New York Times* against the IMF during the months of the conference, and several articles he wrote afterward on inflation. He notes: "The supreme irony is that the Bretton Woods institutions that have failed so completely in their announced purpose, and led to only monetary chaos instead, are still there, still operating, still draining the countries with lower inflations to subsidize the higher inflations of others." With the IMF to fall back on, says Mr. Hazlitt, irresponsible and improvident governments are encouraged to prolong their unsound and inefficient economic policies, which more often than not feature capitalist-sponsored socialism and inflationary policies. One need look no farther than Latin America and its annual banking crises to appreciate Mr. Hazlitt's wisdom. He prescribes radical surgery: Dismantle the IMF and encourage sound currencies by a return to the gold standard, balanced budgets, and truly free trade. With so few sound-money men around today, Mr. Hazlitt's advice will probably be dismissed as that of a crank. JOE MYSAK

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COXE
(Continued from page 44)

beckers that they could find a home in the new Tory Party.

It worked beyond the wildest dreams of even the most enthusiastic Tory strategists. Meanwhile, because they overestimated the Liberals and underestimated Mulroney's appeal to Quebeckers as a clear national winner (Quebec has succumbed to bandwagons before), his handlers insisted he jettison his previous conservatism and move to Turner's left.

So the bad news is that the Tories outpromised the Liberals and won big. Those Tories who fear a Reagan/Thatcher-style stance will use the election results as evidence that Tories can only win and stay in power by being a left-of-center party. I think the liberals beat themselves, and Mulroney would have won without sounding like a Canadian Mondale. But the damage is done.

However, getting rid of the last vestiges of the Trudeau era is no mean accomplishment. Mulroney is at least an anti-Communist and has promised to beef up Canada's pathetically undermanned and underequipped armed forces. He also vows a new, warmer relationship with Washington, replacing the Yankee-baiting of Trudeau. Indeed, some top Republican strategists gave the Tories useful help before and during the election.

As a sidelight, the Rhinoceros Party lent its humor to the election. The party promised to repeal the law of gravity, build a causeway to Newfoundland, and solve unemployment through nationalizing the marijuana industry. It also opposed a nuclear freeze, arguing that Canada is frozen six months a year anyway, and the condition shouldn't be permanent. It claimed to be riven by a split between the Lennonists and Marxists—the followers of John Lennon and Groucho Marx.

Should American conservatives rejoice about a Mulroney victory so compromised with handout promises? You bet. A look at the men and women who won seats in Parliament September 4 shows a reassuringly high percentage of conservatives. Their colors may be muted for a while, but class will tell.

It's the best news out of Canada since Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone. Enjoy. □

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ON THE RIGHT / WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

REAGAN AT THE PRAYER BREAKFAST

NEW YORK, AUG. 29

MORE ATTENTION has been given to the President's remarks at the prayer breakfast in Dallas than to his acceptance speech. The *New York Times* elected to editorialize on the subject under the heading, "The President's Sin." Its anathema concluded with the sentence, "Mr. Reagan's trespass into the moral realm was a blatant attempt to divide Americans. And that, in the civic, secular sense of the word, is a sin."

What's that again?

You do well to ask, given that it is the role of a political party to divide Americans. Indeed, the idea of the "opposition party" springs from the assumption that the government needs to be opposed except when unity is the transcendent objective, as for instance when the country is at war. In most matters, divisions are first identified, then argued about, and then settled, or not.

What truly outraged some people was Mr. Reagan's raising the question whether many of those so fanatically engaged in preventing public prayer in the schools and "*Adeste Fideles*" at Christmas aren't in fact, while calling for toleration, exercising intoleration. "The frustrating thing is that those who are attacking religion claim they are doing it in the name of tolerance, freedom, and openmindedness," he said. "Question: Isn't the real truth that they are intolerant of religion?"

I happen to think that is exactly the real truth. Moreover, one could go so far as to say that those who do not believe this to be true are hypnotized by a false reading of the Constitution.

Begin by reminding ourselves that it is much easier to tolerate something that does not affect you. Etienne Gilson, the Catholic philosopher, once reminded us that only those who are biased are capable of toleration. He meant by this that if one has no biases—no preferences—then the acceptance of the unusual, of the heterodox, poses no problem at all. But then in accommodating the unusual we cannot say of ourselves that we are practicing toleration. If you have no commitment of your own respecting, let us say, monogamy, then you are not practicing toleration when you abide the adulterer. You are practicing something else.

There are two sorts of men and women who oppose school prayer. The first is those who are simply misinformed with respect to the meaning of the First Amendment, which, while it forbids the establishment of religion, also guarantees the practice of it. But the second school of thought is that of aggressive humanists. They are the folk who talk about practicing religion in the home but would never dream of doing so themselves. They wish religion to be exorcised from intellectual life because they do not believe in religion, and deem it an encumbrance on progressive thought. Anyone with experience in postwar college education in the great fortresses of liberal thought has seen actively at work the bias against religion. These folk know enough about diplomatic and political reality to stop short of a massive offensive against chaplains in Congress, or against tax exemptions for church schools. But they are not above ventilating such threats, as for instance my distinguished brother, William Safire, who cautioned the archbishop of New York that, if he kept up as he was doing, "the ground under St. Patrick's Cathedral would have been rightly subject to real-estate taxes paid by other political organizations." The undistributed middle in that syllogism is that Archbishop O'Connor, in saying that Christians could not "in good conscience" vote for candidates who espoused certain positions, was violating constitutional divisions between church and state.

ALL OF this fuss, of course, comes one month after Mrs. Ferraro pronounced on the un-Christian policies of Ronald Reagan, drawing less than the kind of fire we now see directed at Ronald Reagan for suggesting that some people hide behind toleration in order to practice intoleration. They are in trouble, these gentry: the same kind of philosophical trouble the racial-equality folk have got into insisting that you define racial equality by quotas. The Lutheran philosopher Richard John Neuhaus, in his book *The Naked Public Square*, tells us that the exclusion of the moral dimension in politics has people attempting to make only extra-moral arguments for denying pornography to little children. The point is that morality is generally informed by religious values. Irving Kristol, in an essay on American Jews, says that the hard secularism of some of his co-religionists should ease up a little, in deference to the wishes of those who believe that religion, as a common exercise, is in fact a community right.

Ronald Reagan is certainly attempting to attract the vote of those who believe they are being unfairly persecuted by the secularists, and why shouldn't he? The Reverend Martin Luther King did not hesitate to enjoin those who believed in equality under God to vote for civil-rights laws, and Reagan was correct in saying that the Emancipation was, at base, a religious movement.

So Reagan was right. Not newsworthy stuff. Which may be why misunderstanding him is what makes the news. □

DeLOREAN UNDERSTOOD

NEW YORK, SEPT. 5

WHERE TO begin contemplating the implications of the DeLorean acquittal? I would nominate the little-noticed statement by Professor Alan Dershowitz of Harvard, who said that if DeLorean had been tried by any judge—or, presumably, professor of law—he'd have been convicted on the basis of the evidence available.

Professor Dershowitz was presumably intending to convey that the "truth," in adversary situations, is not necessarily the truth. We all grew up dimly cognizant of the old saw, the unwritten law that held that no jury would ever convict the husband who, coming upon the man engaged in cuckolding him, guns him down. That old saw is not recommended as a license for vengeful husbands, but the idea is planted: the idea of the jury that looks at the facts and only then decides whether to be governed by them.

The jurors in the DeLorean case, interviewed by the press, talked about the lack of adequate corroboration, talked about the dubious background of the principal witness, mentioned the unsoiled background of the defendant (DeLorean "carried no baggage"—i.e., he had a clean record). But Professor Dershowitz is in effect saying that the evidence was sufficient to remove any reasonable doubt that DeLorean was pre-

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pared to cash in on a cocaine heist, that the unsavory background of the witness did not retroactively make him a liar, particularly given that what the witness testified to was filmed, catching DeLorean *in flagrante*: A disreputable pimp filming his client's activities between the sheets does not have the power to baptize those activities.

And then, of course, there was the issue of entrapment, and although the jurors were not absolutely plain in their remarks about this, one gathers that Professor Dershowitz is unimpressed by the suggestion that the government was involved in exactly that, entrapment, even as the prosecution was unimpressed.

Some years ago a young American in Turkey was approached in a bar by a young woman who said that unless she could buy antibiotics, her child would die, but these drugs could only be had by paying dollars for them, and would the young man kindly, for the love of God, exchange some dollars for local currency, at the free rate? Young man did so, was grabbed by plainclothesmen, taken to jail, whipped, tried, and stuck in a penitentiary with a long sentence. It required all the king's horses and all the king's men to rescue that good Samaritan. In any United States court the prosecution's case would have been thrown out even without the need to retain Professor Dershowitz to plead it. *That* was entrapment. The principal distinction between that case and the case of DeLorean would appear to be that the young man was not looking for an opportunity to cash in on the black-market value of Turkish currency.

The allegation against DeLorean was not significantly different from the allegations against the congressmen caught and convicted in the Abscam operation. If a stranger approaches you and asks would you please, for a million dollars, drown the stranger's wife, you are supposed to say no, however desirable the million dollars is. If an Arab sheik approaches you, as a congressman, and asks you to vote favorably for such and such a pending measure, and here by the way is a $50,000 contribution toward your next campaign, you are also supposed to say no. Otherwise, before you know it, you become a bird in Alcatraz, just like that.

A defense lawyer has, in effect, the right to attempt to rewire all the conventional moral circuitry. Thus what impressed the jurors more than DeLorean's recorded willingness to involve himself in a cocaine operation for profit was the surrounding circumstances of his temptation, seduction, and detection. They said, in effect: This is too much. Their reprimand has been interpreted as a call on the attorney general to impose different standards when organizing a sting operation. Attorney General William French Smith, in reply to a reporter who asked whether he would accept his chastisement, said in effect, No, the government would not. It is very difficult to catch and convict criminals. We need to be inventive, and one of the ways of doing this is to use what now goes by the name of a sting operation. No doubt much effort in the months to come will be spent in attempting to harden the line that distinguishes commercial opportunism from entrapment.

While all this is going on, we can reflect that never is it clearer than when juries take history into their own hands that there is sometimes a difference between existential truth, and just plain truth. □

ZIMBABWE GOES MARXIST

NEW YORK, AUG. 22

THOSE WHO hunger (honorable men, all honorable men) for major changes in the government of South Africa, such as would recognize the fraternal obligations to the elimination of racial barriers, should pause, just about now, to recognize that the worst enemies of racial progress in South Africa are Western liberals. Most specifically, Anglo-American liberals. When the elections that brought on the government of Robert Mugabe were concluded, in early 1980, I wrote in this space: "Try, if you will, to describe a worse bungle than our Rhodesian policy. If you succeed, you qualify as Anglo-American Director for African Affairs."

The news last week, of course, was that Prime Minister Robert Mugabe has vouchsafed to the world what will be the "future" of Zimbabwe. It will be a "one-party" state. That means that it will not be ruled democratically, since one-party states honor democracy about as pigeons honor statues.

Moreover, that one-party state will preside over a "Marxist-Leninist" society. Mugabe is a tutored man, and somewhere along the line, perhaps when he was 15 or 16, he must have learned that the doctrines of Marx and Lenin were designed for industrial societies in which proletariat is pitted against bourgeoisie. To have a "Marxist" society in an agricultural area in which farming is about the highest known form of technological life is as absurd as establishing a Marxist society in Angola or in Mozambique.

This is not to say that designating Zimbabwe a Marxist-Leninist society is entirely without meaning. What Mugabe is communicating is that the country over which he rules will be fueled with a kind of patois class-warfare dialectic that will seek to elevate very old traits into modern ideological dogma. Specifically, Mr. Mugabe wants one-man rule and the suspension of any civil rights that might get in the way of his exercising such rule. And the targets of the Marxist-Leninist state will be, inevitably, old tribal opponents, such as the Ndebele who were organized around the defeated Nkomo; and the remaining 120,000 whites.

Such caution as he exercises between now and the consummation of his totalitarian grip on Zimbabwe will reflect not any sense of moral inhibition or respect for the constitutional instrument he signed in England in December of 1979. He has only to worry about an exodus of white men and white capital at an economically disruptive speed. What he need not worry about is any call for the imposition of sanctions. Sanctions are only for white people who attempt to hold on to power.

The penultimate elections in Rhodesia returned a black moderate, Bishop Muzorewa, to power. But when that happened, back in early 1979, Great Britain hesitated, as also the United States. Mugabe (and Nkomo) declared they would not be satisfied with the constitution under which Muzorewa was prepared to guarantee to the white population in effect a veto against one-party rule. Rather than move vigorously to support Muzorewa, we dallied, while Lord Carrington effectively subverted the moderate government, accepted the United Nations' refusal to end economic sanctions, and created the revolutionary ambiance that resulted in the first election by a solid majority (62 per cent) of a self-declared Marxist. The British might, with the backing of the black government of Muzorewa, have disqualified Mugabe as a terrorist ideologue. Instead we launched with much fanfare a new democracy. And once again we achieved one man, one vote, once.

If it is difficult to understand the adamance of South African apartheidists, one should reflect on developments in Rhodesia. True, the blacks more heavily outnumber the whites in Zimbabwe (70 to 1 as compared to 4 to 1). But the principles don't change. If under the scrutiny of the West, a constitution baptized with champagne in London, which ostensibly guarantees white civil rights, is so soon transformed into an ideological despotism, why experiment with racial equality? That is the inevitable impact of events in Rhodesia on South Africans. As for the godfathers of Zimbabwe, we have here another triumph of the post-colonial epoch. Give Robert Mugabe a dozen years or so and Zimbabwe might match the record of Uganda, that awful, awful land where it no longer seems to matter whether Colonel Idi Amin reigns or not, since nothing changes. The whites in Zimbabwe will, little by little, leave. And, as usual, the blacks will be the primary victims of policies born in the brain-pan of white liberal political scientists. □

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METRO NEW YORK FEMALE, lost in the heart of liberal academia, seeks good-humored, conservative man, 29–40, to share intelligent conversation, the outdoors, theater (except opera!), and just plain fun. Write NR Box 3956.

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ATTRACTIVE MAN, 44, 5'9", psychology. Sunbelt. Seeks thoughtful, sensitive woman for correspondence and friendship. Values honesty, sensitivity, humor, curiosity, fitness. Enjoys travel, nature, exercise, reading, music, rainy nights. Write NR Box 3951.

FINANCIALLY SECURE MALE, 38, 6'4", quiet, clean, polite, seeks females, financially secure, with similar interests. Likes: travel, investments, reading, food. Dislikes: answering ads, loud party people, fortune hunters. Write NR Box 3955.

SOPHISTICATED SCANDINAVIANS seek enlightened correspondence and lasting relationships. Details: Scanna-NR, Box 4, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

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HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For personal report send sample, age, and $20 to Alice Charlesworth, Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, Ohio 45405.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Con artists (2 words)
123 83 216 141 97 44 22 159 189 116
206 32 149

B. Info, detective style
109 194 84 55 132 68 208

C. Descriptive of a certain yellow polka-dot bikini (2 words)
36 99 197 66 81 2 42 170 209

D. Hoover's domain
184 53 143

E. Con artists (2 words)
221 118 180 65 12 113 162 195 231 40
98

F. City in eastern Wisconsin
46 127 204 18 74 151 164

G. USN foreign port of call (2 words)
67 215 134 178 41 95 207 158 173

H. Reduce in size
117 198 49 188 136 80 16

I. Treacherous
100 166 31 200 150 226 78 43 139

J. Frauds
82 182 210 58 145 227 25

K. ___ and vigor
8 171 191

L. Elfin
155 218 131 5 179 51

M. Direction of an Atlanta–to–St. Louis route
101 220 233 33 168 1 88 122 50 17
75 183

N. Probable first name of our 38th President, if he had been female
106 229 146 90 27 175 223 129 54

O. It's hard to get lost on this kind of street (hyph.)
47 85 228 94 124 11

P. Fictional detective (full name)
6 26 133 190 199 114 230 79 52

Q. Two times
38 28 105 163 126

R. Whittaker Chambers fingered him
202 153 77 19

S. American economist, Richard T. ___ (1854-1943)
167 64 217

T. Bogus issues of the *N.Y. Times*, perhaps (2 words)
181 93 104 160 205 62 35 119 125 212
10 144

U. Diplomatic staff member
187 72 177 60 111 21 148

V. Fictional French detective
59 29 147 91 193 9 201

W. Remote (4 words)
140 34 203 165 48 108 4 63 14 128
87

X. Awkward
213 186 73 176 23 92 130 110

Y. Operations of con artists
211 20 137 61 172 156

Z. Angles
152 196 219 39 174 70

a. 1971 Sean Connery *crime thriller*, with "The" (2 words)
24 120 214 161 56 30 112 154 138 69
192 13 89

b. A type of cabbage
76 57 142 225 115 7 103 185

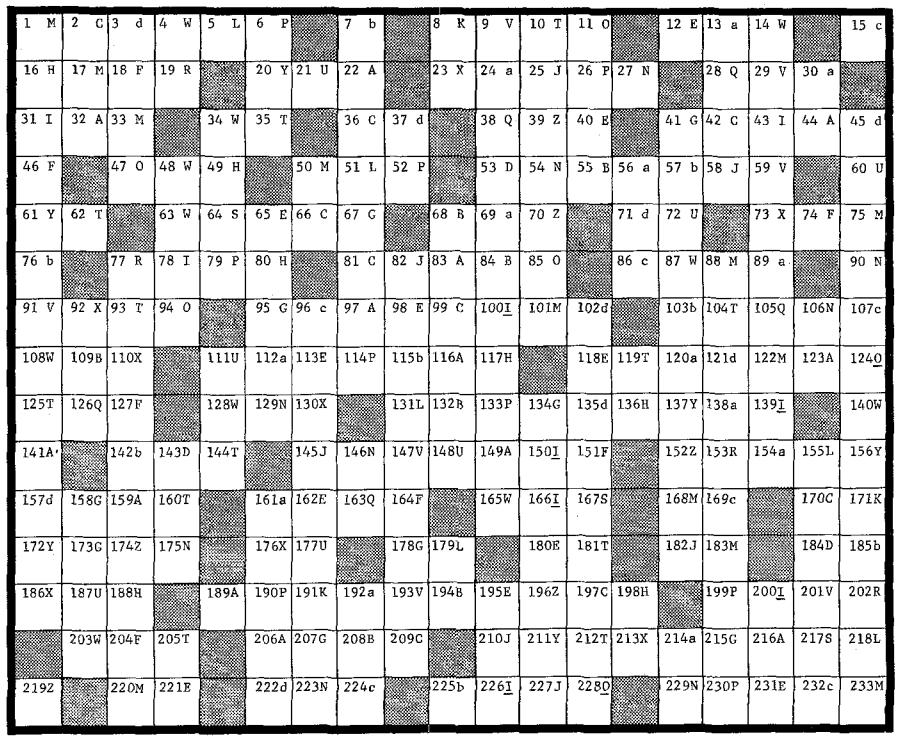
c. Nonsense (or a cure for dirty looks)
169 232 86 15 96 224 107

d. "*Sit at my ___ till I put thy enemies under thy feet*," Matthew 22:44 (RSV) (2 words)
135 45 102 157 3 222 71 37 121

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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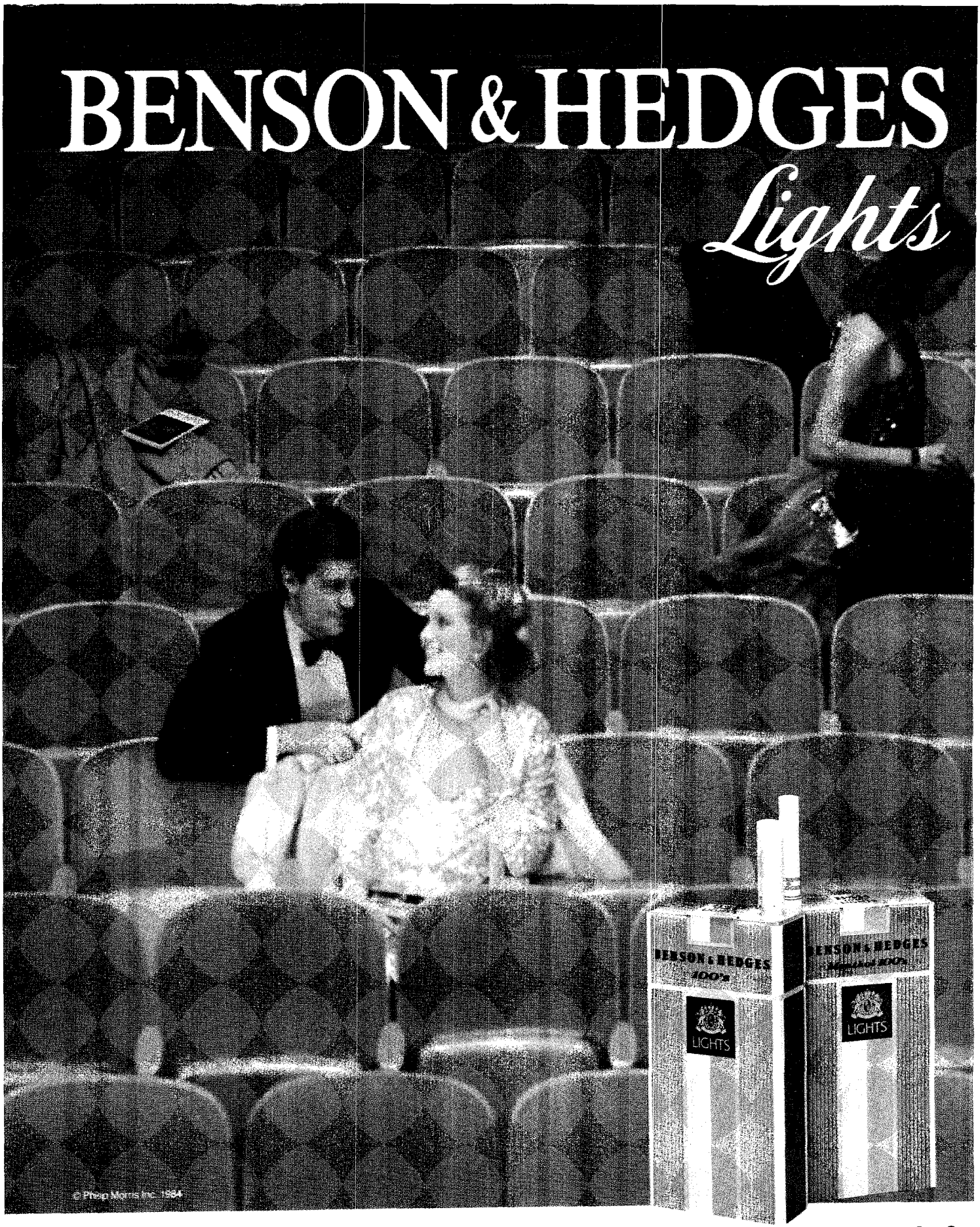

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